

The Musical World.

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LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(No. 9.)

TO DESMOND RYAN, ESQ.,

Wednesday, November 17.—MY DEAR RYAN,—How little did I think, when the name of MENDELSSOHN fell twice from my pen, in the course of my last letter to you, that the great and good man who owned it was no more! How little did I dream of the lamentable catastrophe which has plunged intellectual Europe in despair! It was not till after I had confided the letter to the post that I was made acquainted with the cruel event, although the paragraphs in the *Journal des Debats* and the *Constitutionnel* had already spread it all over Paris. Your note has sufficiently explained the ignorance under which I laboured, albeit my bitterest enemy would hardly believe me capable of indulging in pleasantry at a moment when tears and prayer were so much more befitting. Still, I regret that you published my letter; its tone was discordant to the feelings of deep sorrow with which all our readers must have been affected by your pathetic apostrophe to the genius who has been hurried from us, in his prime: much better had you committed it to the flames. However, it is useless complaining now. Let me thank you for the friendly care with which you have rendered misconstruction of my own feelings impossible; not for worlds would I have it thought that I could be insensitive to the loss of such a man, or cold to the memory of such a friend!

Mendelssohn dead! I can scarcely credit it, even now that fourteen times four-and-twenty hours have been gathered to the past, since the dreadful blow was stricken. Mendelssohn dead!—it should be written in tears of blood; it should be engraved on the universal heart, in fire! He was the eyes with which Music saw; he was the brain with which Music thought; he was the voice with which Music spoke; and now the eyes are put out, the brain paralysed, the voice dumb!

Mendelssohn is no more! It is but too true, alas! It is no fearful dream, but a waking reality, more hideous than the nightmare, more frightful and distorted than the phantoms which delirium points upon the face of darkness. Let Music put on a suit of mourning; let the sons and daughters of Music weep—the lute on which the breath of Heaven was wont to play is silent—its strings are snapped asunder—its harmony is melted into air—Eternity has drunk it up! Echo will pine away, and die for the loss of her most loved companion!

But yesterday he was among us, full of life, bending under the weight of honors, which he supported with a modest brow and manly bearing. But yesterday he was among us, directing, from the desk where he had won half his glory, the many-voiced orchestra as it interpreted the sublimities of his *Elijah*, his masterpiece—in presence of a vast crowd, which

felt, as with one heart, and cheered, as with one mouth, the transcendent beauties of that mighty inspiration. But yesterday he was among us, in our theatres, in our concert-rooms, in our public streets—with a smile, a kindly word, a friendly grasp of the hand for the humblest of his brethren—yes, his brethren; for he regarded every follower of the art which he worshipped, which he elevated by his genius and his intellect above all other arts, as his brother. And now, remorseless Fate has cut him off, and night has quenched his life for ever! He is gone! We shall see him no more—oh never more!—Deaf Death heard not the melody of that voice; blind Death saw not the loveliness of that smile; obdurate Death felt not the charm of that presence; it is for us, who heard, and saw, and felt—it is for us, who loved and honoured him, to wring our hands, and bitterly lament his loss. He, that was as glorious as the sun, is now, alas!

An image, silent, cold and motionless—

and soon will be a *heap of dust*! But, it is consoling to think, to believe, to *know*, that his soul, which was the divine part of him, to which we owe all the wonders of his genius, is gone to a brighter home—in *Heaven*. He has fled!—as the arrow that is shot in the sun, we cannot, with our earthly eyes, behold him—his glory, now, would blind us!

This early departure of the greatest spirit that has thrown light upon the earth for the last quarter of a century should teach us a lesson, both salutary and useful. The mightiest is but as the feeblest of us. To all outward seeming we are but as grass, that grows freshly for a brief space, and is then cut down by the scythe—or, if spared for a little, withers and dies—how? why? *that* is the secret which none of us can know at present! The body is the house in which the soul resides; at first it is fair, and fresh, and seemly—it grows in state and beauty, as we furnish and improve it; but, at last, the original materials with which it has been built become rotten; the house falls into decay, and the soul, which inhabited it, flies away, and leaves it to be pulled down. *Where the soul goes thence* is the secret which Plato dreamed of, and Christ told us—in words that, however not translatable in earthly language, are comfortable and full of mysterious truth. Were it not so, might we not complain that so often the great and the good, the gifted and the happy die first—while the weak and the wicked are left behind, these to bewail their impotence, those to take advantage of it.

* * * * *

The death of FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTOLDY is a matter of too serious import to be passed over with a mere record of the fact, and a funeral oration; but, pending the memoir and the analysis of his works which you have announced, it is a pleasant, though a melancholy task, to talk, think, and write about him. No subject can be possibly more interesting now,

to our readers, to yourself, and to me; indeed, while he lived, there was no theme more to my taste, no name that came oftener to my mind; and where shall I seek for a worthier theme, a brighter name, where shall I look for a subject more fit for contemplation, more delightful, more absorbing, more suggestive of noble thoughts?

The influence which Mendelssohn has exercised upon the art of music, during the last twenty years, cannot be overestimated. He was not merely the greatest genius, but the most variously accomplished and profound musician of his time. An original thinker, his originality declared itself in youth—a rare phenomenon, since most of the great composers have begun by imitating the style of some favourite master; of which Beethoven is a remarkable instance, whose earlier works might have been signed Mozart, with little chance of being arraigned for forgeries. But the very first efforts of Mendelssohn gave indications of a new style in musical composition; a style that depended not on a departure from the forms exhibited in the great models left us by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, but on a manner of thinking, and a method of development, distinctly individual and peculiar to the young composer, then unknown to fame. The time has now come when the truth may be spoken without ceremony. Whilst Mendelssohn was living there might be some reason for asserting his superiority to all his contemporaries with deference; but now that Mendelssohn is dead, alas! so young! there is no reason why the whole truth should not be stated. Death, which cut him off, has invested him with the order of the classics; he is already installed in his niche among the immortal children of art; it is for us to consider him with reference to his great predecessors. Let me, then, state my firm conviction—founded on a thorough knowledge of every one of his productions—that he is in nothing inferior to any of the most distinguished men that have influenced the progress of the art; and that his name, placed by the side of BACH, HANDEL, HAYDN, MOZART and BEETHOVEN—the hitherto unapproachable five—will shine as bright, and endure as long, as any of them. Entertaining this exalted opinion of his merits, you may easily imagine that I consider his loss *irreparable*; no blow so deadly could have been levelled against *high art*, which he, Atlas-like, sustained alone upon his shoulders. I fear, indeed, the effects of the blow can never be recovered. Spohr has nobly fulfilled his mission—Bennett has ceased to write; where, then, are we to look for the man who shall fill up the vacant place. I might have had one hope—that hope would have been centred in George Macfarren; but he, unable to prosper in the land which gave him birth, has been compelled to travel to the New World, in search of a livelihood:—how unfavorable to music is the atmosphere of the United States, I need hardly remind you.

Your list of Mendelssohn's compositions is incorrect and incomplete, no matter from what source you obtained it. I will prepare you one, for the analysis, on which you may place the firmest reliance; therefore, let me beg of you to leave it to my care, and avoid all critical and statistical allusions that may compromise the authority of the *Musical World*, and require subsequent emendation. And now, for the present, let me quit a theme on which I could dwell for ever with satisfaction.

I have but a few moments left to tell you the news. Madame de Girardin's* tragedy of *Cleopatra* was produced at

* In my last I said that this accomplished lady was known under the literary pseudonym of Sophie Gay. Théophile Gautier has been kind enough to correct me on that point. Madame de Girardin's maiden name was Delphine Gay; her mother's name was Sophie Gay; she also was a literary celebrity in her day.

the *Theatre Français*, on Saturday, in presence of one of the most brilliant audiences ever gathered within its walls. All the literature, art, aristocracy, and fashion of Paris was present. In one box I saw Victor Hugo and Alexander Dumas, who applauded the verses of their fair compatriot, which came from the magnificent mouth of Rachel, transformed into high poetry, as silver into gold, from the imaginary alembic of the alchemist. Of this tragedy more anon. Also, I must be satisfied with the mere record, that Adolphe Adam's new theatre, the *Opera National*, opened its doors, at last, on Monday. I need not say the place was thronged to suffocation. The performances consisted of an incidental one-act prologue, called *Les Premiers Pas, ou Les deux Génies*, libretto supplied by Royer and Vaez, music by Auber, Halévy, Carafa, and Adam; followed by a new three-act opera, entitled *Gastibelza*, libretto by Dennery, music by Maillart—*prix de Rome*! Neither of these soared above mediocrity, but the reception of both was tumultuous, and all the world was there. Meanwhile, they are giving Berton's *Aline, Reine de Golconde*, which I hope to hear. More of this. Last night I heard and was much pleased with Clapisson's *Gibby le Cornemuse*, at the *Opera Comique*. It is a charming work, unpretending, musician-like, and not a copy either of Auber or Halévy—a *rara avis* in these days. Roger, in *Gibby*, sang and acted, so inimitably, that I could not cease to wonder the *Grand Opera* had not secured him long ago; he would be an immense acquisition. The Mary of Mdlle. Grimm, a delicious creature, with a lovely voice and plenty of animation, also pleased me much; and indeed I was pleased altogether. More of this too, anon. Clapisson, Roger, and Mademoiselle Grimm are too attractive a trio to be dismissed thus summarily.

For general news take these:—Alboni has signed with M. Vatel, for the *Italiens*; Flora Fabbri has signed, for three months, for the Royal Italian Opera; there is also a report, which I do not credit, that Duprez is engaged to play with Viardot Garcia. There has been nothing new at the *Grand Opera*; Cerito's success continues: and old worn-out operas are the vogue. On Sunday we had *La Favorite*, in which Mademoiselle Manon supports her reputation bravely. There is no sign yet of Miss Birch's appearance. It is generally believed that Meyerbeer will not quit Paris until he has made some arrangement about his *Prophète*. I have seen him; he gave me some particulars about poor Mendelssohn which you shall have. Verdi's *Jerusalem* on the 22nd; there is much talk about a Mademoiselle Van Gelder, who is to be the *prima donna*; her portrait is in the windows already.

Excuse haste, and believe me ever yours. D.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

(From the "Constitutionnel.")

WHAT a horrible thing at times is a journal! You are perhaps seated pleasantly near a good fire, around a table, talking of one thing and another, of the rain and the fine weather, of the former especially, of the passing events of the day, of reputations lost and won, when some unhappy *feuille* which you do not read, which you crumple in your hands and push far from you, by some secret presentiment, informs you all of a sudden, without pity, without discretion, without preparation of any kind, of the death of a friend, of a brother, of an adored mistress, blood of your blood, soul of your soul.

I do not remember where we were the other evening. One half of our party was musing, the other smoking. We had

exhausted all possible subjects of conversation, and not knowing what more to say, we had recourse to music. Our interlocutor, —, one of the most accomplished critics of the English press, exercised his biting irony and inexhaustible wit against our modern composers, whose art, he said, consisted either in the noise and the *fracas* of the orchestra, or in the most commonplace *cantilènes*, or else in the plastic attempts of a puerile and gross imitation. "Ah!" he cried, with rising exultation, "you alone who are grand in thought, grand in style, grand in the boldness of your conceptions, in your large and powerful execution; yes, the most profound, the richest, the most varied, the most erudite genius of erudite Germany, when shall I again see you, unfold you in my arms, and declare once more all my admiration, all my enthusiasm, my friend, my brother Mendelssohn?" Suddenly his looks, drawn, as it were, by some magnetic influence, to a journal that lay half open on the table, read these terrible words:

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy is dead!

It is impossible to describe the cry of agony that escaped him. He rose and fell immediately. His eyes were filled with tears, his face was ashy pale, his lips trembled, and during three hours he was attacked with successive fits of convulsions, broken only by heart-rending sobs, unconnected phrases, till he was brought to the verge of delirium and fever. Would that I could recount to you with the same familiar ease, the same impetuosity, all the charming traits, all the noble actions, all those details so touching and simple in the life of Mendelssohn, such as I heard them, one by one, from the lips of my poor distracted friend.

Dead at eight-and-thirty years of age! in all the *eclat* of his glory: in all the power of his genius! dead from paralysis of the brain, stricken, like Donizetti, in the seat of thought and intelligence, and happier than he, at least, for he did not give his friends the afflicting spectacle of a living dead body, dragged about from town to town, from frontier to frontier, an impassible and dumb witness of his own funeral.

Genius, worth, and industry are hereditary in the family of Mendelssohn. His grandfather, Moses Mendelssohn, passed the greater part of his early life in making copies of the Bible. The poor copyist, by means of his talent, his indomitable perseverance, and his incredible energy, soon became one of the most illustrious philosophers of Germany. His works, devoured with eagerness, soon procured him a large fortune, which bequeathed to his family, insured them all the luxuries of life, enough to satisfy the most rampant idleness and pride. But, far from being corrupted and softened in the atmosphere of laziness and opulence, Felix Mendelssohn astonished all Berlin by his precocious intellect, his docility, his obeisance, and eagerness for learning. His progress was prodigious. At eight years old he became a pupil of Berger for the piano, and of Zelter for harmony and counterpoint. He read at first sight the most difficult works of Handel, Sebastian Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. At ten years old he knew them by heart, and executed them on the piano with a *verve*, a finish, a sentiment, and a power absolutely incredible. At twelve he improvised upon a given theme, and on one occasion made old Goethe shed tears. The great poet had testified for him, even to his last moments, the most constant friendship, affection the most tender and paternal. One only subject of discord sometimes arose between the great poet and young musician. Goethe knew no music, esteemed no music, appreciated no music but that of Sebastian Bach. He treated Mozart as an innovator, and Beethoven as an intriguer. Mendelssohn

adored Beethoven. When he had enraged his antagonist by sounding on every key all the praises of Beethoven, to establish an amnesty he played him a fugue of Bach's, and all was done. Goethe would press him to his heart, and pardon him *ses travers*.

At thirteen years, Mendelssohn had already published his two first quatuors for piano, tenor and violoncello, and had commenced an opera, in three acts, intitled *The Marriage of Comacho*, the overture of which especially is replete with remarkable beauties, and really astonishing, if we take into account the extreme youth of the composer. He seemed to have no great affection for the sonata, for I cannot find but two among his works published and unpublished; one for the piano, another for the piano and violin. A third quatuor followed closely the first of these sonatas, and closed, as it were, the series of his first labors, which already revealed a profound knowledge, a grand elevation of thought and style, and a horror of *banalités*. After making the tour of Italy and France, he performed at the *Conservatoire* in 1830, but did not excite any very lively enthusiasm. This is no great matter of astonishment, when it is recollected that up to the present moment that most learned and keen-sighted Areopagus of the music desk, had deigned to accord reception to two or three compositions only of the German master; and that *Paulus*, one of his *chefs-d'œuvre*, had to be spelt over last year by a society of amateurs. But patience—if heaven spare them, it is to be hoped that Messieurs, the directors of the *Conservatoire*, will decide on having performed the *Paulus* and *Elijah* about the year of grace, 1887.

It was in the month of May, of the year 1836, at the grand festival of Dusseldorf, Cologne, and Aix-la-Chapelle, that Mendelssohn revealed himself to the musical world in all the *eclat* of his power and his prodigious talent. He was then not quite twenty-six years of age, when he directed, with a formidable orchestra, his first grand sacred work, the Oratorio of *St. Paul*. The overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* had already found admirers and protectors in England; for it must be acknowledged, to our great confusion, that this nation, which we are facetiously pleased to suppose so much opposed to the arts and to those who cultivate them, has not less the honor of having encouraged the first efforts of Mendelssohn and Weber, and of having devoted to Beethoven the cultivation of his works, that might be well entitled, religious. Mendelssohn, who, still young and almost unknown, had directed the concerts of the Philharmonic Society in London, found himself this time at the head of a veritable musical band. He was already known in Germany as one of the most marvellous executants, one of the greatest pianists in the world. They knew also that he was a thorough proficient on the violin, the tenor, the organ, and indeed upon almost all instruments. They knew that no musician better than he could comprehend the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the masters; that no one could interpret them with more soul, more passion, more vehemence. But they had not yet seen him, *le baton à la main*, ruling with a look, a gesture, hundreds of musicians obedient and docile, conveying to them with an electric rapidity, his slightest motions, his impulses the most delicate, ethereal—in a word, playing on the orchestra as on a single instrument, of which his powerful and sovereign hand swayed all the touches and invisible chords. Nothing could be more beautiful, more majestic, more sublime than this triumph of man over man, will over will, intelligence over intelligence. Thus executed, the *St. Paul* of Mendelssohn transported and intoxicated the German public, so sensible to the real beauties of music. Since Handel they had heard nothing more pro-

foundly conceived, or more largely developed. The severity of style, the novelty of effects, the variety of rhythm, the special colouring, in some sort, which the author has given to each instrument, his orchestration so rich, the turn of his cadences so different from all preceding writers, the originality, the boldness of ideas, which shine transcendently in every page of this admirable composition, all opened to art new horizons, distant and unknown perspectives. From that day forth the name of Mendelssohn was enrolled among the most illustrious and most celebrated, and this young man of twenty-five could march hand in hand with the greatest living masters.

It would be quite impossible, I do not say to analyse distinctly, but merely to give a catalogue of the numerous works which he composed, without cessation, in the course of a brief life so laborious and prolific. I shall recount the most celebrated as they rise to my recollection.

And first, of his three symphonies. No. 1, in C minor, was composed at the age of fifteen. In this work the individuality of the author already commenced to manifest itself by combinations of the most erudite and *recherche* harmonies. The second, in A major, was written by express desire for the London Philharmonic Society, who purchased it as its exclusive property. Mendelssohn himself directed the performance of this work in 1835. The third, in A minor (the symphony he most prized), he laboured at for four or five years consecutively, and of which we have expressed so much admiration of the magnificent *scherzo*, although sufficiently ill-executed by the *infallibles* of the Conservatoire. *The First Walpurgis Night*, a vast and profound composition, inspired by the poem of Goethe, presents beauties of a rare boldness, and startling effect, especially the storm and a chorus of witches, which is indeed one of the most original compositions ever heard, and, as might be said, the most impetuous and wildest for its colouring and style. Among his best overtures and supplemental music, we may cite *The Isles of Fingal*, a reverie perfumed with rural fragrances from the Scotch mountains: *The Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, a poetic meditation which no one can listen to without emotion and tears; the *Melusine*, the overture to *Ruy Blas*, the overture and choruses to *Antigone*; the overtures, *intermedes*, and choruses of *Athalie*, in which the composer has vied felicitously with Racine in tenderness, elevation, and majesty.

Among other works we recall two trios for piano, violin, and violoncello, which have all the development and amplitude of the grand trios of Beethoven; six books of *Lieder ohne worte*, *morceaux* of song and accompaniment, of a new style and new form, with which he has enriched the piano, and which hords of pianists have pilfered without scruple and without shame: the *Lob-gesang*, a hymn of thanksgiving and joy, a majestic echo of the poetry of Solomon and David; an infinite quantity of rondos, capriccios, *morceaux* for the violin, piano, organ, religious choruses, psalms, motets, Latin and German, and finally, the two grand oratorios of *Paulus* and *Elijah*, those imperishable *chef-d'œuvre*, of which the last especially is beyond contradiction, the most remarkable, the most beautiful, and most complete musical production of our age.

The *Elijah* was performed for the first time in the month of August last year, at the Birmingham Festival, in the immense room of the Town Hall, in presence of six thousand spectators. Staudigl filled the part of Elijah; the contralto was Miss Hawes; the soprano, Madame Caradori Allan; and the tenor, Mr. Lockey. Mendelssohn directed the orchestra. From beginning to end there was but one feeling of intense admiration, and each *morceau* was followed by salvos of

applause, and reiterated cheers. One can have no idea of such an enthusiasm. In this sublime work, which has no precedent in the history of art, and will most probably have no imitators, Mendelssohn freed himself from all forms, and created a new world, where he wished to walk alone in his glory and his grandeur. But, O, and alas! *Elijah* was his final work, and his final triumph!

Being invited by the Sacred Harmonic Society of London to give four representations of *Elijah* at Exeter Hall, he wished to retouch, revise, and perfect his favourite work and conduct the performance himself. The excessive depression consequent upon this labour; the over excitement of his mental faculties; the fever and exaltation of the artist who sees himself at the very pinnacle of his most ardent wishes and dreams, was the first blast that shook his delicate frame. But sorrow achieved what labor, and the mind's exertion, and the fever of joy, and fame's fruition had only begun. He had a sister whom he tenderly loved; an excellent musician, and to whose works he had sometimes affixed his own name to spare her modesty. He had made up his mind to pass some months with her in a retired *chalet* in Switzerland, where he reckoned to repose himself a little from his fatigues. He used to speak of her in the most affectionate manner to his friends in London, to Mr. Chorley, one of the most eminent writers on the English press: to Mr. Gruneisen, the spiritual musical critic of the *Morning Chronicle*, and to Mr.

whom I have named above, and whom this severe loss has plunged into the profoundest grief. As Mendelssohn was about to leave London, he was suddenly informed of the death of his beloved sister. He languished some weeks in Switzerland, and spite of his bitter grief, spite of his bitter sufferings he had finished the first act of a fairy opera, entitled *Lorline*, and two quatuors; for industry had been all his life his ruling passion. Rich, independent, generous, crowned with the respect due to worth, and the homage due to genius, he had never written till he had felt the moment of inspiration. Penetrated with love and veneration for his art, he was ever under the guidance of his conscience. Neither solicitations, nor prayers, nor persuasions, could draw from him a single *morceau*, before he had given to it the seal of perfection, which is the distinctive characteristic of all that has proceeded from his pen.

His friendship was delightful. Cheerful, spiritual, and expansive, he spread all round him gaiety and joy. Possessed of an extreme and almost feminine sensibility, with a heart open as day to love, with a character noble and dignified, delicate to excess, the slightest annoyance made him suffer cruelly: nevertheless, the least word of friendship reanimated him, and consoled him for his chagrins. He never wished to give lessons; but all those who had recourse to his instructions found him prodigal of his favors and his counsels. It is true that frequently, instead of entertaining his pupils with musical discourse, he would entice them from their studies, and pray them to play with him at billiards; a passion which he had in common with Mozart. His modesty was proverbial. Mr. Sterndale Bennett, an English composer of the highest distinction, went to see him one day at Dusseldorf, and entreated of him to look over and correct the score of a piece he had just written. After having read it attentively, Mendelssohn returned it to the author, and added, with an accent of conviction and truth, that he found nothing to find fault with. "Promise me," said Bennett enchanted, "that henceforth you will correct all I write." "Certainly," replied Mendelssohn, "on one condition." "Name it," demanded Bennett. "Simply," said Mendelssohn, "that you will correct mine."

Mendelssohn died, as is now too well known, on the fourth of this month, at Leipsic. He has left in the profoundest grief a young wife and five children, the eldest of whom is hardly ten years old. To give an idea of the impression that the loss of the great composer has caused at Leipsic, we shall take leave to quote a letter dated from that city at the commencement of the present year. It is from a young German girl, who writes to one of her friends in Paris. The reader will not be astonished then at the exaltation, so Germanic, that breathes in the following lines:—

"You are going to mock me; I have found my ideal! Yes, I, whose nature is prosaic and positive, as you have so frequently reproached me with, am affected suddenly with a profound passion. I am now, indeed, as full of fancies, and as exalted as any heroine of our old ballads. Do not laugh at me, I pray you. I believe there is no height to which the human mind cannot elevate itself, when it encounters the being of its imagination, that magnetic calminating point, which concentrates in one only all our faculties, and draws us powerfully towards it. This ideal and superhuman being I have found under the traits of our grand artiste and idol, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. It is long since we have had the good fortune to see him. The celebrated *chef-d'orchestre*, wounded, as I am told, by a malicious article which appeared in some nameless Gazette, relative to the performance of the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, inflicted on our town the chastisement which he knew would be most sensibly felt. He gave up conducting our concerts. It was only yesterday he re-appeared for the first time. They commenced with his magnificent overture, *The Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*. As soon as Mendelssohn mounted the *estrade*, the most deafening and prolonged applauses rose from all parts of the house, and hailed his re-appearance as a public event, as an act of solemn amnesty. You know his admirable works, and can easily divine the enthusiasm which they excited among us at Leipsic, where he is really adored. But what you do not know is the radiant serenity and placidity with which the great artiste received the ovations of the multitude. You can imagine nothing more proudly modest than his manner; nothing more regally dignified than his deportment. He is not yet forty years old: he is below the middle height, and is slender in form: his hair is dark: his face pale and expressive: his eyes full of fire: his mouth spiritual, and slightly indicative of disdain."

Mendelssohn! Donizetti! victims of genius and the brain's contest! The one has fled to heaven: the other still suffers here below, both, with divine permission, soon to be united at the foot of the throne of Glory, whilst the orbéd seraphim, the angels, and archangels, will repeat upon their golden harps, and in their everlasting chorus, their sublime strains, their sweet and tender melodies.

P. A. FIORENTINO.

A Treatise on the "Affinities" of Goethe,

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,

Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Röscher,
Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued from page 722.)

THE ARTIFICIAL COMPOSITION OF "THE AFFINITIES."

The artistical composition next naturally applies itself to develop the mutual attraction of the individualities internally connected, who find each other involuntarily, and so unobservedly weave a delicate bond, the strength of which they do not suspect. Thus, like substances, related to each other by "Elective Affinity," they resign themselves to each other more and more in consequence of their daily intercourse, and since they are rendered secure by habit, they do not feel, even at the beginning, how much they have estranged themselves from the sphere to which, according to their moral freedom, they should naturally belong.

Hence this intercourse is long, quiet, and harmless, nay, looks throughout so innocent, as if an irremediable breach could never be developed from it. In this non-apparent accordance of the individualities to a nature which is akin to them, lies, in our opinion, a great art of the poet. Here the irony, to which we

pointed in the exposition, already begins to realize itself. While they do not suspect how much they are already implicated in the bonds of a natural force, while they fancy themselves perfectly secure and completely standing on the soil of freedom, the natural force has already unconsciously mastered them, and threatens to make of them a will-less implement. Thus Charlotte and the Captain, in their common activity—in their pure zeal for the care of the house and grounds—became more and more intimately attached—became almost indispensable to each other. On the other side, something passionate is already exhibited in Edward's relation to Ottilia. Yet this has not at all the character of anything violent, but only to him who looks close at the symptoms shows itself as the prelude of a mighty passion. In characterizing Edward we have already directed the attention to those features which, shows us the beginning of a situation, that soon finds the source of its life in a kindred being alone.

If at the first step the perversion of the individuals appears totally undesigned, so that the right of habit is more exhibited than a deeper affection, this at the second step already gains the threatening character of a passion. The calm nature of the Captain becomes first conscious of this feeling, while Edward quite restlessly progresses in his inclinations, without suspecting the precipice upon which he stands. Here Charlotte and the Captain come as the contemplative forms opposite to Edward and Ottilia, who lose themselves in each other. The former penetrate well enough the mental state of the latter, and prove on this side also, that with all the affections of their heart, they have yet preserved a free glance for surrounding objects. In this, as well as in the Captain's resolution to avoid the hours in which Charlotte was in the habit of visiting the improvements, is shown to us at once the difference between the two groups, one of which opens a prospect of a peaceful solution, while the other already points to a tragical development.

The poet has led on the positions of the individuals in such continuous development, that there results for us the certainty of a relation by Elective Affinity, and thus a conflict with the power to which the individuals belong by virtue of their moral freedom, while at the same time the internal opposition of the two groups is exhibited. By the latter a prospect of the future solution is revealed to us, and our glance is directed to the future with that certainty which is produced by an insight into the given conditions.

The poet has thus also prepared for us a fitting place for the appearance of a retarding element, which at first effects no progress in the action, but frees the glance from the limited circle, and conducts it into the depths of the relations and conflicts in which we move. The romance, like the epos, in opposition to the drama, allows retarding elements because it is not concerned with the development of a single action, the supporter of which is the subject, and towards which in the drama everything tends, but with a determined view of the whole which is unfolded to us on every side. Hence the romance can as little as the epos limit itself to the narrow frame of a ceaselessly pressing event; it grasps, even when the ground upon which it plays is, as in the case of our "Affinities," a confined one, beyond the single action, and draws everything that can contribute to the revelation of the determined view of the world, everything that can long give us relations with it into the sphere of its own exhibition. Its criterion is an internal affinity with the condition of the world, with the view of the world, which is to be unfolded. Hence, willingly interrupting the course of the action, purposely so called, we pause where our glance is carried beyond the particular event to an element akin to the concrete Idea of the whole, and the internal view of it is extended.

But the place, where the progress of the particular action is interrupted, is not a matter of indifference. A true poet shows the most refined sense in the choice of a situation for the retarding moments. Certainly he will put this back to the point where all the threads of the event are so far spun, that we look with anxiety to the final solution; and where the mind is too much concentrated in a point to have freedom to collect itself for a comfortable ramble into the breadth of new relations, and before the foundation of those concrete relations around which the rest is grouped. Every digression, in our opinion, must move between those two limits.

The explanation of the essence of "Elective Affinity," touched upon above, cannot be included in this category, for that belongs to the exposition of the relations, and, as we have shown, occasions that very view in which we afterwards recognise the root of the whole.

Hence the moment, which we have reached, appears well fitted for a first digression. The relations of the individuals, who now come into the foreground, have been so far developed before our eyes, that a collision between the natural force of feeling and the moral power of marriage is prepared, and the distinction between the two groups is definitively enough brought forward. Therefore, we shall here, not unwillingly, allow ourselves to be interrupted in the progress of the particular action by the exhibition of kindred elements.

The solemnities, in honour of Charlotte's birthday, prepared with the greatest zeal by the Captain, and readily permitted by Edward, in the prospect of a similar festival in honour of Ottilia, are celebrated by the foundation of the new edifice, and this, in conformity to custom, is accompanied by an elegant discourse from the builder. To us, this discourse, independently of its fitness for the particular end, appears, at the same time, significant in a higher sense. By what has preceded, our thoughts have been so much busied with the essence of marriage, that in this consecration of the foundation-stone, we involuntarily think of marriage as the foundation-stone of all moral order. Thus, through the ingenious contents of the speech, there are interwoven, with the real references, those higher supernatural references, which point to this moral region—and that with a certain necessity, so that the Idea of the work of art is essentially served. Let us attempt to interpret the ideal relations.

"Three things"—thus begins the speaker—"are to be observed in a building, namely, that it stands on the right spot; that the foundation is well laid; that it is perfectly executed." Are not these the same points which exist with reference to marriage? First, namely, a right soil must be found for the realization of this relation. An error in this respect avenges itself through the whole course of life, and the edifice, which is raised upon an unfriendly soil—on self-delusion—is exposed to those destructive natural forces, against which it should afford a protection. In this sense Edward and Charlotte had deceived themselves as to themselves, and had, therefore, after their union, exposed themselves to the storms of passion. But this free choice, which is decisive for the whole life, is followed by a case for founding the relation. First, it belongs to mere internalness, which is as yet bound and rendered moral by no objective law, it can still free itself, the better consciousness can elevate itself above the wandering feeling, and yet seek another place for its happiness. But the proper security for the founded building is, that it shall be perfectly executed. It is not until the moral relation has exhibited itself as sound in thought and deed that we can commend it as happy—as snatched from the storm of demonic powers. As the completed building first justifies the choice of spot and the foundation, so marriage has not shown itself as a moral and immoveable union, until its appearance answers to its conception.

But the foundation is the principal affair in the whole undertaking. Is it not also the beginning of the moral union of two individuals who, up to this moment, have still appeared single, and not taken up into a moral unity? Hence this art is the more solemn, because it, once for all, puts off all caprice and represents this weighty transition from mere internalness into the objectivity of the moral mind. According to the sensible expression of our orator, this serious business of laying the foundation, this solemnity is so important, because it is carried in the depths. Thus, also, in the depth of the heart is the foundation of marriage, here is concealed the germ for the greatest joys and sufferings. The consecration of marriage is, therefore, like the consecration of the foundation-stone a mysterious act, because it takes place in the depths, and no one knows whether from this hidden base good or mischief will proceed, whether it will fashion itself to enjoyment or pain.

Although, in the words of the orator, the foundation rests on its own weight, "binding materials should not be wanting, for, as human beings, which are inclined to each nature, hold still better together when cemented by law, so, also, stones, which fit each other by their form are still better united by binding powers." The

foundation-stone resting on its own weight is for us a symbol of that love resting upon itself, which in itself bears all happiness, and is strong against every attack from without. But to attain its highest degree of genuineness it requires also the moral law, which first gives the stamp of a moral union, to that, which without such stamp, has only the character of pleasure and individual gratification.

Little brilliancy as there is in the work of the builder, since, according to our orator, it always has to do with the concealed, little as he has to expect an external satisfaction, since his works are so far from conspicuous, that he must be content, if the trace of his activity is white-washed over by others, just as much, in the moral region of marriage do we renounce all acknowledgment from without, and are referred more, than anywhere else to that internal satisfaction which lies in the consciousness of happiness, and a fulfilled destination. What we may maintain with the orator, in our sense,—has more necessity for nourishing the self-consciousness than the moral union of marriage, which above everything is concerned in the quiet peace of a noiseless felicity, with the enjoyment of this unostentatious existence.

While the mystery of the moral Idea of marriage and its deep importance is thus interwoven with the sensible words of the builder—and our view has been directed to this Idea as the foundation-stone of all moral order—the circle of the friends is enlarged by the arrival of the Count and Baroness, who by a remark as to their position, are at once announced as representatives of a totally frivolous union, in which a moral tie is perverted into one directed to mere enjoyment.

While the consecration of the foundation-stone has symbolically awakened in us in the deeper significance of the substantial power of marriage, the news of the arrival of these guests, and the appearance of Mittler, introduce the important words of the latter on the mystery of marriage, which, in the first treatise, we have already designated as the key to the whole, as the choral song, which, as it were, floats over the action. What, was before awakened in us, with more or less liveliness by a symbol only, now appears in the most proper form of the mind, as an expression of the clearest self-consciousness, and polemically turns against that consciousness, which has dissolved the mystery of the moral mind by the frivolous understanding.

The position of the Count and the Baroness, and their individualities have already been discussed in the first and second treatise, and to this we can now only refer. The whole conversation is the pattern of a refined dialogue, and the most brilliant expression of the highest worldly wisdom in genteel circles. The three couples, who here sit peacefully side by side, present a singular aspect. The Count and the Baroness, obtrusively explaining their theory of marriage, and enjoying each other without internal discord, since they look upon marriage, which to them is only an external union, as no real obstacle to their belonging wholly to each other; the two other couples apparently cheerful and sympathizing, but already involved in a contradiction, which deprives them of their peace of mind. To Charlotte all above is a conversation annoying and disturbing, on account of Ottilia, which attacks the foundation of woman's moral distinction; hence she endeavours in every way, though vainly, to give another turn to the conversation. This assemblage, however, causes Charlotte's feeling for the Captain to break out, and enlightens her as to her own situation, just as the attachment of Edward and Ottilia had long remained no secret to her, and had been revealed in an instant to the sly, worldly-wise Baroness. From the pain which overcomes Charlotte at the thought of loving the Captain, and which she masters with difficulty, we perceive the strength of her feeling for her friend, just as from the whole demeanor of Edward, in word and deed, an overpowerful force of passion is clear to the attentive observer. In a mood excited in so various a manner, the friends separate, and allow us to look into a far prospect.

(To be continued.)

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RULES FOR COMPOSITION.

In all Arts and Sciences, in every branch of education, there must necessarily be prescribed some rules and precepts by the instructor. These are taught with the first rudiments of learning,

and without these there can exist no knowledge of principles. Such are grammar in language, and measure in music. These and their like are invariable and cannot be overlooked. But we must make a careful distinction between the rules of Science and the rules of Art. Science depends unexceptionably and inevitably upon mathematical dogma, which are rules ascertained by congregated experience and enforced by truth, and beyond which there is no possibility of departure. Judgment alone is here exercised—there is nothing left to the imagination. In Art, on the other hand, though rules and axioms in a great measure apply, no little is left to the mental quality of fancy or conception. In Science equality of knowledge produces equality of thought: there cannot be disagreement or difference of opinion, there cannot be variety of sentiment concerning an established fundamental truth. But in Art, in which something at least is reserved for the mind's direction, every man hath his peculiar and individualised notions; those who agree nearest in quality, amount, and mode of acquirement may be farthest apart in digesting and exhibiting ideas consequent upon that acquirement. A man may, to a certain extent, be a poet, who knows no rule or principle of writing whatsoever; a man may become, in some measure, a painter, who never heard of the line of beauty; a man may use his chisel with grace and truth, though he never heard a lecture nor perused a treatise; a man may—no, a man may *not* be a musician—but he may compose melody, though he know little more than a major from a minor key. This daily experience shows us. Of all the fine arts, music depends most upon prescribed principles, because the rules of music are as definable as those of algebra. The fact seems to be, that poetry, painting, sculpture, and more especially music, have their separate dependencies on Art and Science. In music, as we have said, the rules are mathematically demonstrable, whereas they are vague or undefined in the sister arts. The illustration of this lies in the difference of the modes of instruction. Music is taught in the same manner as the other demonstrable sciences, commencing with the rules and principles. Painting and sculpture are taught in a manner directly the reverse. In each of these the Art is simply propounded—the Science follows. Thus it results that, from early education, the musician is naturally attached to what he hath first imbibed, and he looks upon music, even when about to treat it as an Art, that is in composition, too much in the light of a Science. He will not deviate from the beaten track—he will strike out no new line of travel; with him fancy is error, and novelty innovation. But it seems to us the musician forgets that in composition music becomes an Art as well as poetry, painting, and sculpture; and if he would dare to be great, he must follow a path of his own, not in despite of rules, but certainly untrammelled by them. Rules were made for the pupil, not the composer—it was from the latter's productions they arose, and what he originated he has some right to interfere with. Rules in the arts have been too much insisted on, and he that hath servilely followed them has handed down no name to posterity. The history of the literature of nations teaches us this. We have somewhere read, or heard it said, "The utmost that can be achieved, or I think pretended, by any rules in the art of music, is but to hinder some men from being very ill musicians, but not to make any one a very good one."

It certainly cannot detract from the efforts of genius, that they have been made without violence to prescribed principles; to build up a towering imagination upon the foundation of scientific rules, instead of interfering with the structure, must add to its strength; but genius will always make rules subserve its purpose instead of slavishly following them. There is something too arbitrary and circumscribed in these prescriptions, by which the wild wing of imagination might regulate its flight: there is something too repulsive in exactitude and stipulation for genius to emulate or pursue. To speak fully on this subject is quite beyond the room we assign to such articles in this journal. We have been as concise as possible, and will take leave to conclude with an extract from an essay of Sir William Temple on poetry; and which, on substituting the word music for poetry, will be found perfectly apposite and to the point:—

"The truth is, there is something in the genius of poetry too libertine to be confined to so many rules; and whoever goes about to subject it to such constraints, loses both its spirit and its grace, which are ever native, and never learned, even of the best masters.

It is as if, to make excellent honey, you should cut off the wings of your bees, confine them to the hive or their stands, and lay flowers before them, such as you think the sweetest, and most like to yield the finest extraction;—you had as good pull out their stings and make arrant drones of them. They must range through fields as well as gardens, choose such flowers as they themselves please, and by properties and scents they only know and distinguish: they must work up their cells with admirable art, extract their honey with infinite labour, and sever it from the wax with such distinction and choice as belongs to none but themselves to perform or to judge."

To such as would not leave their fame to the precarious fostering of posterity, but would endeavour to become popular by pleasing the living, the words of Sir William Temple will add argument and confirmation to their wishes and resolves; to those who prefer obscurity in life, and hope for no light of renown save what rises from their grave, the same words of the poet will sound as a mockery, or pass by them as the idle winds which they respect not. It is indeed a pleasing consolation for him who has no name while alive, to expect his merit will be recognised when it is of no further utility to him; and so have thought the greatest and the worst of poets.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

On Monday a public meeting was held at the Guildhall, "for the purpose of considering what measures may be necessary for ensuring the success of the Worcester Musical Festival, proposed to be held in this city in the year 1848." The chair was taken at two o'clock by the Lord Bishop of the diocese. Among those present we observed the very Rev. the Dean of Worcester, Hon. and Rev. James Somers Cocks, and Rev. J. R. Wood, Canons of Worcester Cathedral; Revs. A. Wheeler, T. Pearson, J. Pearson, H. Douglas, and R. Sargeant; Sir J. S. Pakington, Bart., M.P., Sir O. P. Wakeman, Bart., J. Williams, Esq., the Mayor of Worcester (E. Webb, Esq.), and J. M. Gutch, Esq.

The Lord Bishop of Worcester observed, that the first point which they had to consider was whether the Dean and Chapter would allow them the use of the Cathedral for the festival; on which

The very Rev. the Dean said he had no hesitation in answering, on behalf of the Chapter, that the cathedral would be at their service as before.

Rev. A. Wheeler, Treasurer to the Clergymen's Widows' and Orphans' Charity, here stated that he had received a letter from General Lygon respecting his inability to attend that meeting, and expressing his willingness to contribute to the guarantee fund, and his pleasure at seeing the matter of the festival taken up so early. He (the Rev. speaker) had also received a letter from Mr. Ricardo, M.P., stating his inability to attend the meeting, on account of the near approach of the opening of Parliament.

After some conversation, it was moved by the Mayor, seconded by the Dean, and carried unanimously, "That it is expedient that there shall be a Musical Festival held at Worcester in the ensuing year."

Sir J. S. Pakington then suggested that the meeting should be held at the latter end of the month of August, as in 1845.

The Dean considered August was a preferable month to September for holding the meeting, but would like to have more information about the period of holding the meetings at Norwich and Birmingham, as care should be taken that the Worcester meeting did not clash with others of a similar kind.

It was thereupon resolved unanimously, the Rev. T. Pearson seconding Sir J. S. Pakington's motion, that the meeting be held in the latter end of August. The following were appointed a committee of management:—The Lord Bishop of Worcester, the Dean and Canons, the Stewards elect, Sir O. P. Wakeman, Bart., the Revs. A. and T. L. Wheeler, T. Pearson, R. Sargeant, W. H. Havergal, the Mayor, and Messrs. J. M. Gutch, J. W. Isaacs, E. Rogers, and W. Done, with power to add to their number. The appointment of the above committee was moved by the Rev. H. Douglas, seconded by J. Williams, Esq.

The Bishop said the next resolution would have reference to the stewards, and the guarantee fund. He would suggest that a similar resolution to that adopted at the preliminary meeting in

1844 be now passed, viz.:—"That if sixteen noblemen and gentlemen could be prevailed upon to act as stewards, the liability be limited to £40, and that subscriptions be entered into for the establishment of a guarantee fund to secure the stewards from further loss."

Sir John Pakington would be willing to increase the amount of individual liability, rather than have so large a number of stewards. He suggested twelve as a fitting number.

Mr. Williams seconded this suggestion of Sir John Pakington, and after a few words from one or two other speakers, the original resolution (with the alteration limiting the number of stewards to twelve only) was carried *nem. con.*

Some conversation then took place on the practice of presenting tickets to the stewards for the musical performances, a custom which has been observed for some years past, but which it is understood will be discontinued in future.

Sir John Pakington then mooted the question of making the charity receipts, as well as the receipts from the sale of tickets, liable to the expenses of the meeting. He reminded the meeting that the system which had hitherto been adopted at these meetings was peculiar in one important respect, and differed from most of the other festivals, in having the collections at the doors kept separate from the receipts for tickets. Now at Birmingham the whole of the receipts were thrown into one common fund, and out of that fund the expenses of the meeting were paid, and the balance left was given to the charity. He was not there to recommend that that plan be adopted in the future conduct of the Worcester festivals, but he threw out the hint for any other gentleman to act upon as he thought fit. On the one hand they secured by the present plan a larger sum for the charity, but then, on the other there was the risk of the stewards incurring an enormous liability because they could only go to the proceeds of the sale of tickets to pay the expenses of the meeting. He thought that the experience attained at Birmingham justified the idea that it might, after all, be best to adopt the plan there carried out; and then this advantage would be gained, that those who had the responsibility mainly upon their shoulders would not be afraid to exert themselves to make the meeting as attractive as possible, by the engagement of the highest talent. It was a most important point to make these meetings as attractive as possible—(hear, hear)—and they would have to consider whether they should not lay out more money in order to attain that object, and whether it might not be advisable to make an experiment of the system adopted at Birmingham.

The Bishop observed that there was a great difference in the position of the two towns of Birmingham and Worcester. Birmingham possessed a population of 200,000 souls, and the local patronage alone was sufficient to support their festival. The town of Birmingham was also surrounded by a large number of influential families, all of whom filled their houses with friends on the occasion of their festival.

The meeting then passed a formal resolution for the opening of subscriptions at the various banks in the city, and the appointment of the Rev. R. Sargeant as secretary to the committee, in the room of the Rev. T. L. Wheeler, who had served the office on two successive meetings. Mr. T. Baxter was also appointed sub-secretary.

The Lord Bishop then introduced to the meeting the subject of the ball usually held at the close of the festival. His lordship said he had received a long letter on the vexata questio of the propriety of concluding the festival with a ball. It had been objected by certain persons that the meeting having a religious, or, at all events, a charitable object, the holding of a ball was inconsistent. For his part he could see no objection at all to the practice of holding a ball at the end of the festival, but nevertheless they should respect the feelings of others on this point. He would, therefore, suggest that they should have a ball as heretofore, but that it should be a distinct undertaking from the musical festival, and not necessarily forming a part of it. His lordship then read some portions of the letter to the meeting; the writer's name did not transpire. The writer stated, among other things, that it was a fact that many of the company attended the Cathedral with unquiet feelings or stayed away altogether on account of the incongruity of connecting a ball with such performances. He considered it inconsistent and unseemly that a festival which commenced with the performance of Divine orship should terminate with a dance. This ball, he said, was

a cause of annoyance to many ardent admirers of the Church, and a scoff with dissenters. The writer also objected to the engagement of public professional singers at these festivals.

Sir John Pakington thought, from the tenor of the letter, that no arrangement would meet the scruples of the writer—that a ball, however held, or wherever held, would still be to him objectionable. Now, for his part, while perhaps he might never attend the ball, feeling little inclination for such an amusement after having listened to the performance of sacred music in the Cathedral, still he thought that, while they respected the conscientious scruples of others, the general feeling of the public should also be regarded by those who objected to the ball. The festival had for a great number of years been concluded with a ball, and indeed, at one time, there was a ball held every evening after the concert, in the College Hall. It did not follow, if one person could not enjoy the innocent amusement of the dance, after hearing sacred music, but that others could. (Hear, hear.) They certainly had heard of such overstrained scruples before, but if they were to endeavour to square their views to those of the writer of the letter just read by the Lord Bishop, they must abandon the meeting altogether; but not only did he object to the holding of a ball, but also to the engagement of professional singers, without whose assistance they could not look for success to the festival. (Hear, hear.) If they followed out the views of the writer of that letter, they must fall back upon the original plan of the meeting, which was exclusively a meeting of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester. He would suggest that the matter of the ball be referred to the committee.

His Lordship thought that would be the best plan. Although he had given up dancing himself, he could not see the slightest objection to it, and he considered it a harmless recreation.

The Mayor thought the chief objection to the ball was that it was announced in the large placards posted about the country in connection with the sacred oratorios. This might be obviated in their future arrangements.

The matter of the ball was then left in the hands of the committee, and it was arranged that the committee should hold their first meeting on Saturday next.

The Mayor moved, and Sir J. S. Pakington seconded, a vote of thanks to the Lord Bishop for presiding at the meeting, which his Lordship acknowledged.

SONNET.

No. LX.

THERE are uneasy moments, when the soul
Begins to think that it is vain to live,—
That no fix'd point we reach, however we strive,—
That no external thing we can controul.
And then we look around to find some goal,
From seeing which new strength we may receive;
But there is nought fresh, gushing life to give.
The will, when 'tis diseas'd, impairs the whole.
Despair, like love, has many changing shapes.
(Love may be one of them)—and sometimes, full
Of savage force, upon the heart 'twill leap;
And sometimes mild tranquillity it apes,
Trying with smiles all energy to lull,
And tempting the strong will to poisonous sleep.—N.D.

SKETCH OF THE FRENCH COMPOSER, GRETRY.

GRETRY, the composer of the popular French opera of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, was born at Liege, a well-known town in Westphalia, in the year 1741. At an early age he became sensible to the charms of music, and to this sensibility, when he was only four years old, he was near falling a sacrifice. It is related of him, that, being left alone in a room where some water was boiling in an iron pot over a wood fire, the sound caught his ear, and for some time he amused himself by dancing to it. The curiosity of the child, however, at length prompted him to uncover the vessel; in so doing he overset it, and the water fell upon and dreadfully scalded him from head to foot. From the care and attention that were paid to him by his parents and medical attendant, he at length recovered in every respect from this accident, except having weakness of sight, which continued ever afterwards. When he was six years old his father (a teacher of music) placed him in the choir

the collegiate church of St. Denis, and unfortunately, but necessarily, under the tuition of a master who was brutal and inhuman to all his pupils. Young Grétry had his full share of ill-treatment; yet such was his attachment to this man, that he never could prevail upon himself to disclose it to his father, fearing that by his influence the chapter might be induced to take some steps that would be injurious to him. An accident, which for a time put a stop to his studies, deserves to be mentioned here. It was usual at Liege to tell children that God will grant to them whatever they ask of him at their first communion; young Grétry had long proposed to pray on that occasion that he might immediately die if he were not destined to be an honest man, and a man of eminence in his profession. On that very day, having gone to the top of the tower to see the men strike the wooden bells which are always used during the Passion-week, a beam of considerable weight fell on his head, and laid him senseless upon the floor. A person who was present ran for the extreme unction; but on his return he found the youth upon his legs. On being shown the heavy log that had fallen upon him, "Well, well," he exclaimed, "since I am not killed, I am now sure that I shall be an honest man and a good musician." He did not at first appear to have sustained any serious injury, but his mouth was full of blood, and the next day a depression of the cranium was discovered; on which, however, no operation was attempted, and which was suffered to continue. From this time, but whether owing to the accident or not it is not known, his disposition was considerably altered. His former gaiety gave way in a great measure to sadness, and never afterwards returned, except at intervals. On his return to the choir he acquitted himself by no means to the satisfaction of his father, who for a time withdrew him for the purpose of his receiving further instruction. He was now placed under the care of a master as mild as the other had been severe. When his father replaced him in the choir, his improvement both in singing and playing was found to have been very great. The first time he sang in the choir, the orchestra, delighted with his voice, and fearing to lose the sound of it was reduced to the pianissimo; the children of the choir, around him drew back from respect; almost all the canons left their seats, and were deaf to the bell that announced the elevation of the Host. All the chapter, all the city, all the actors of the Italian Theatre, applauded him; and the savage master himself took him by the hand, and told him that he would become a musician of great eminence. Some little time afterwards his voice began to break. It would then have been prudent to have forbidden his singing; but this not being done, a spitting of blood was brought on, to which, on any exertion, he was ever afterwards subject. Not long, subsequently to this, he was placed under the care of Moreau; but such was the exuberance of his genius, that he had previously attempted several of the most complicated kinds of music. "I composed six symphonies," says Grétry, "which were successfully executed in our city. M. Hasler, the canon, begged me to let him carry them to the concert. He encouraged me greatly, advised me to go to Rome in order to pursue my studies, and offered me his purse. My master in composition thought this little success would be mischievous to me, and prevent me from pursuing that regular course of study so necessary to my becoming a sound contrapuntist. He never mentioned my symphonies." Grétry walked to Rome in 1759, being then only eighteen years old. Here, in order that his genius might be as much unfettered as possible, he studied under several masters, and he almost every day visited the churches to hear the music of Casali, Eurisechio, and Lustrini, but particularly that of the former, with which he was greatly delighted. The ardour with which he pursued his studies was so great, that it suffered him to pay but little attention to his health. This consequently became much impaired, and he was obliged, for a while, to leave Rome and retire into the country. One day, on Mount Millini, he met a hermit, who gave him an invitation to his retreat, which he accepted, and he became his inmate and companion for three months. He returned to Rome, and, young as he then was, he distinguished himself by the composition of an intermezzo, entitled *Le Vende Miatrice*. His success was so decisive that he was very near suffering fatally from the jealousy of a rival in his profession. Admired and courted in the capital of Italy, Grétry here continued his labours and his studies with assiduity and perseverance, till Mr. Mellon, a gentleman in the suite of the French

ambassador, incited in him a desire to visit Paris. In his way to that city, in the year 1767, he stopped at Geneva, and there composed his first French opera of *Isabelle et Gertrude*. Respecting the performance of this work, he relates an amusing anecdote. "One of the performers in the orchestra, a dancing-master, came to me in the morning previously to the representation, to inform me that some young people intended to call for me on the stage with acclamation at the end of the piece, in the same manner as at Paris. I told him that I had never seen that done in Italy. 'You will, however, see it here,' says he, 'and you will be the first composer who has received this honour in our republic.' It was in vain for me to dispute the point; he would absolutely teach me the bow that I was to make with a proper grace. As soon as the opera was finished they called for me sure enough, and with great vehemence. I was obliged to appear to thank the audience for their indulgence: but my friend in the orchestra cried out aloud, 'Poh! that is not it!—not at all!—but get along!'—What's the matter?" asked his brethren in the orchestra. 'I am out of all patience,' said the dancing-master, 'I went to his lodgings this morning, on purpose to show him how to present himself nobly: and did you ever see such an awkward booby?' It was some time before Grétry could obtain in Paris a piece to compose; and he was first introduced to public notice there, in 1768, by writing the music to Marmontel's opera, *Le Huron*. This met with the most flattering success. The opera of *Lucille* followed, which was even more successful. His fame was now established in France, and he produced nearly thirty comic operas for the Académie Royale in Paris. Of these *Zémire et Azor*, and *Richard Cœur de Lion*, have been translated and successfully produced on the English stage. The taste of the Parisians tended greatly to corrupt that of Grétry; but he has done much towards improving theirs; they have met about half way; and perhaps the genius of the French language, the style of singing, and the national prejudices, even if he had determined to continue inflexible, could not have admitted of a nearer approximation than we find in his music. Sacchini has been known to say of Grétry that he remembered him at Naples, where he regarded him as a young man of great genius, who wrote as much in the style of that school as even any of the Italian masters; but that when he heard his comic opera at Paris, many years afterwards, he did not find that his style had much improved by composing to French words and for French singers. Grétry, during the times of anarchy in France, became tainted with revolutionary principles; he went so far as to publish a work on the subject of religion, entitled "*De la vérité de ce que nous sommes, et ce que nous devons être*," which shows him also to have been deeply tinctured with infidelity. He died at Montmorency on the 24th of September, 1813.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

THE performance of the Oratorio, *Elijah*, announced some weeks for Wednesday, the 17th inst., took place, after some hesitation, on the day appointed, last Wednesday. In consequence of the recent death of Mendelssohn, who was a brother member, the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society at first determined to postpone the performance, but on second consideration, and after mature deliberation, it appearing to them a more appropriate mark of honor and reverence to their deceased and lamented friend, they decided on proceeding with the Oratorio. As an especial token of respect, and as one peculiarly fitted to the occasion, the Oratorio was preceded by the *Dead March in Saul*. It was requested in the advertisements and bills that the audience would refrain from any outward demonstration of applause, and *encores*. Never did we attend at a performance more awfully solemn and impressive; the greatest portion of the ladies and gentlemen, following the request of the Committee, which was printed in the notices, appeared in the sables of woe, and lent a deepening gloom to the interior of the hall. An unusual silence prevailed, and there was evidently but one thought predominant throughout that mighty assembly, namely, sorrow for the loss

of him whose immortal work had brought them all together. The performance of the Dead March in *Saul*, by no means tended to dissipate the feeling of sadness that covered the multitude like a cloak. The truthful simplicity, yet overpowering grandeur of that composition was never so deeply felt before. Not a note of the Dead March was lost on the hearts of the hearers: it was the funeral knell of him they loved, and honored, and prized.

We are not about to enter into an analysis of *Elijah*. This has but lately been done in our journal. Should any reader desire to peruse our notice of this work, we refer him to Nos. 18, 19, 20, 22, 27, of the *Musical World*, where he will find it largely discussed. On the present occasion, the performance was not so strictly criticised as before. The feeling was removed from the executants to the composer, and very little consideration expended on the former. All ears, heedless of choir or soloist, were turned to the magic beauties of this, to us, the mightiest inspiration of Mendelssohn's genius. As for ourselves, we were so deeply absorbed in our feeling for the composer, that we can with difficulty call to mind who were the vocalists. We certainly remember Madame Caradori Allan in that exquisite recitative and air, "What am I to do with thee, O man of God?" and H. Phillips in that miracle of compositions, "O, Lord thou hast overthrown thine enemies;" and Mr. Lockey in that heavenly air, how heavenly can only be conceived by hearing it, "The harvest now is over;" and Miss Dolby in "Now Cherith's brook is dried up;" and we have a general recollection of how very truly, and with what fervid zeal these artists interpreted their parts; but we must really beg pardon of the other vocalists, male and female, if they have utterly escaped our memory; and if we do not chronicle them, it is from no want of respectful feeling. For the same reason must we omit all strictures on the chorus. The performance was, by the occasion, put beyond the pale of criticism. We perceive the Society has announced the repetition of the *Elijah* for December the 3rd.

OPERATIC STARS.

No. II.—LABLACHE.

Of all the reigning favourites at the Italian Opera, Lablache is the oldest and longest established amongst us. He made his first appearance in this country sixteen or seventeen years since, and from that time, with the exception, we believe, of one year's secession, he has returned hither every spring, with augmented favouritism. Sixteen or seventeen years is a long test applied to public performers; and he that could pass such an ordeal of time must possess merits of the very highest order, which could supersede the call for novelty, and make void the fickleness of general applause. All this Lablache has effected. The public, so far from being wearied at the long-continued cry of "Lablache the Great," as the Athenians of old were tired of hearing Aristides everlastingly called "The Just," elevates him, if possible, into greater favouritism yearly; and the management, if it for a moment contemplated such a change, and could provide for it, dared not supply his place on the Opera boards. But his place is not to be supplied: no other artiste could half compensate his loss. Independent of his faculties as an actor and a singer, so great a lover is he of his art, that he will undertake with delight the most trifling character in the partition. Other vocalists and actors will not condescend to this, or fear to let themselves down by doing so. Lablache hath no timidities about assuming a lesser part, nor doth he deem it any condescension. In the hands of genius the potter's clay may be moulded into as exquisite a model of beauty as the block of Parian stone. Assign

Lablache the meanest character in a piece—let him have the slightest foundation whereon his imagination may build, and he will erect a superstructure of no insignificant importance. Artistes of questionable greatness may deem it derogation to personify any save a leading part—Lablache feels he will not let himself down, he pulls up the character to his own elevation. From this it follows, that no great singer hath within our recollection undertaken such a variety of characters. We will find him in every possible grade of representation. From the loftiest tragedy to the most burlesque comedy he is equally great and efficient. From Brabantio to Don Pasquale—from Marino Faliero to Dandolo. Through all the gradations of passion and humour, he exhibits a superior insight into humanity, and with the finest dramatic artifice and discrimination, he seizes on the salient points and strikes them out into bold relief, giving life and verisimilitude to his abstractions. His tragedy is high-toned, calm, dignified, and impressive, and at times fraught with the most truthful energy. His imprecation on his daughter in *Otello* is equal in power and effect to anything known on the stage. But it is in comedy that the whole artillery of his forces seems to be brought into play. As Dr. Johnson says, applying the phrase to Shakspeare, "his comedy is *instinct*, his tragedy is *skill*." In a comic part he fills up the stage with his acting, no less than with his voice and size. Every character around him seems merely subsidiary. He is the sun of humour, about which the rest as planets perform their revolutions, deriving heat and light from him. He is the centre of *gravity*, that attracts all the laughing humours from his auditory. Yes, we say *gravity*, nor therein are we guilty of a bull. In his most whimsical efforts his countenance is as serious as that of a mid-day owl. While all around are convulsed with cachinations, his face is as composed as a Chinese mandarin's, or a Spanish *hidalgo's* sitting for a genealogical portrait. His comedy is not sparkling and effervescent like champagne, it partakes more of the body and flavour of tokay; you may sip it—the smallest taste is palatable. He possesses somewhat of the stolidity of Liston, with occasionally the rich raciness of Downton. His humour is as rotund as his person, and his person is a hog's head of wit and mirth.

Lablache's voice is an organ of most extraordinary power. It is impossible by description to give any notion of its volume of sound. He is an ophicleide among singers. One may have some idea of this power of tone, when it may be truly asserted, that, with the entire opera band and chorus playing and singing *forte*, his voice may be as distinctly and separately heard above them all as a trumpet among violins. He is the very Stentor of vocalists. When he sings he rouses the audience, as the bugle doth the war-horse, or as the songs of Tyrtæus reanimated the Spartans. With this prodigious vehicle of sound, his singing is distinguished by superior softness and expression. He is a great master of his art, and manages the lights and shades with judgment and skill. His voice, like all voices of that order, is naturally inflexible, and somewhat limited in compass; for this reason, generally speaking, he sings Mozart's music better than any of the modern Italians. His Leporello is well known, the part is identified with him, but it must be acknowledged that his performance has been frequently subjected, not without justice, to the severest strictures, on the score of his rendering Leporello a buffoon, and it has been urged against him that by exciting the laughter of the audience, at a time when laughter should not be excited, he showed but little judgment as an actor, and exhibited no reverence whatever for the composer whose work he aided in interpreting. There is no doubt that his extravagance in

the last scene of *Don Giovanni* is unpardonable, as it destroys the grandeur and sublimity of the author's intentions; nor could we ever discover by what obliquity of sense so superior an artiste could be won to descend to such stage clap-traps as would only befit Monsieur Clown, or Signor Pantaloon. This is one of those unaccountable things we find so frequently in singers and actors, and which tends to prove them as mere mortals as we, poor critics ourselves. We must own, however, that Lablache's singing in Leporello is unexceptionably fine: his *catalogue* song in *Don Juan*, "Madamina, il catalogo é questo," is one of the finest efforts of dramatic vocalisation we ever heard.

Lablache is a thorough musician, and no artiste on the stage excels him in the knowledge and appliances of his art. He has written a work on the principles of singing, which has been published in England: and he was chosen, some years since, as the vocal instructor of her most gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria.

This great singer is as great in person as he is in fame. He is nearly, if not fully, six feet high. His figure, though exuberant, is portly and commanding; and his entire head one of the finest that ever decorated a human body. Notwithstanding the opinions about his age, and the cognomen of "old," which for many years has attached itself to his name, Lablache is still comparatively young. For the space of nearly three lustres has he been the pride and delight of the frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre. May we live to see him on the same boards for years to come.

COPYRIGHT LAW.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the pains which were taken in the case of Chappell and Purday to make the subject of foreign assumed copyright clear, that matter appears still to be misunderstood, or rather not understood at all by some of the learned judges of the Queen's Bench; witness the case of Boosey and Davidson, as reported in the *Morning Advertiser* of the 6th instant; witness the observations of Mr. Justice Coleridge:—Mr. Sergeant Shee says, "there was a distinct admission that the author of the publication (viz., the 'Opera of Sonnambula,' which was the work in question) was resident abroad" (and everybody knows that the composer's name was Bellini, who was a most popular Italian composer), and therefore he could have no right (in England) under the statute of Anne (or under that of the 54th of George III.) And if it be true that a foreigner (that is, as Justice Parke termed it, a *foreign foreigner*, meaning a foreigner resident abroad) cannot have the exclusive right of publishing himself, either by the common law or under the statutes, in England, it follows that he cannot assign that which he does not possess; and, therefore, the work being the work of a foreign author, residing abroad, the plaintiff can have no copyright therein under him in this action."

In reply to this, Mr. Justice Coleridge is made to say,— "That is not the case in Chappell and Purday!" Now, this is one of the points particularly alluded to, and clearly pointed out in the case of Chappell and Purday, which any person may see on reference to the judgment. Then, again, Mr. Justice Coleridge says:—"It would be a strange thing to say that a man cannot have any right!" What he means is not very clear, except we quote what immediately follows. He then says, "supposing that compositions had just come into a man's brain in a foreign country, and that an Englishman takes them down from his (that is, I suppose, a foreigner's) dictation, and brings them at once into this country would he (query who—the foreigner or the Englishman?) not

have a right?" Truly this is a most learned and mysterious question, as well as a most ingenious mode of robbing a man of his brains! *O tempora! O mores! O law! O justice!* How is it that Walter Scott's amanuensis did not assume a right to the property of his novels? He being the writer, could have just as much claim as the "Englishman who wrote down from the dictation of the foreigner?" As we are upon the subject, we may as well finish up Mr. Justice Coleridge's observations. Mr. Sergeant Shee, in urging his claim to a new trial, on the ground of rejection of evidence of publication abroad, said, "there was some evidence that the work had been printed elsewhere than in England." The learned judge replied, "Supposing I am the owner of a copyright; *I may have an impression printed at Paris, or elsewhere.*" But does the learned judge mean to say that such impression *printed at Paris*, could be sold in London as a copyright? If he does, I mean to say that the law would prohibit the importation of it into England, or else the law is of no use; and, indeed, if first printed in Paris, it would entirely make void the copyright in England. Then again he says, "a man publishing in London may have his printer at Derby." Certainly he may; who denies this? But I deny that he may print his work out of the British dominions, in any place where the late treaty has not been reciprocated, and still make his work copyright. Thus much with respect to the case of Boosey v. Davidson. Now for a word or two on the acts of parliament with respect to copyright; and first to that of Anne. It is called "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by vesting the copies of printed books in the authors, &c." and the preamble states that printers and booksellers have frequently taken the liberty of causing to be printed, reprinted, and published, books and other writings, without the consent of the authors, &c., to their very great detriment, &c. Now, in the first place, who makes this act of parliament? Why, the representatives of these very authors. Secondly, what authors? Why, English authors; for it is the act of an English parliament, made by Englishmen for the protection of Englishmen. Consequently this cannot have any allusion to French, German, or any other foreign author! We next take the act of 54th Geo. III., and this says, "For the further encouragement of learning in the United Kingdom of Great Britain," and gives an extension of copyright to the authors, &c. There is therefore no ambiguity about whom or to whom this extension is granted, nor the place wherein it is to be granted, viz. in the Kingdom of Great Britain.

We then take the acts of Victoria 1st and 2nd cap. 59, and we find that this is an act to secure to authors in certain cases the benefit of international copyright. This act was passed in July, 1838, and in it we find that the "certain cases" are where "copyright shall be given in any foreign country to a British subject, the subjects of that country shall have a copyright in England." This act became null and void because no foreign country would reciprocate. Then we come to the act of the 5th and 6th of Victoria, cap. 45, which is termed "An Act to Amend the Law of Copyright." But this act gives no farther right to the foreigner, nor does it even imply anything in the shape of right to a foreigner. So that up to the year 1842 (1st of July), a foreigner is never contemplated in the light of a British subject, except the attempt to include him in the act of 1st and 2nd Vict., which failed for want of reciprocity. We then come to the act of the 7th Vict., called An Act to amend the Law relating to international Copyright, and this also failed: and it was not until the 1st of September, 1846, that any foreign power would

reciprocate a copyright with us. Prussia was the first to agree to a "convention, which is to remain in force for five years:" next, Austria, from the 1st of April, 1847! and on the same day "Brunswick." Thus France is still an ALIEN in this respect, as well as some of the German States, Russia, America, &c. But notwithstanding the above facts have been often reiterated in all the cases which have been litigated, the Judges still permit litigation to proceed. It would be very easy for a Judge to ask the question, when he found there was any question, as it respected the right of a foreigner concerned in the case, or rather the assumed right (for as the matter at present stands, it was clearly laid down in the judgment in Chappell and Purday, that the acts of parliament were passed for the protection of British authors, or rather, authors resident in Great Britain, only up to the period of the treaty of the 1st of September, 1846)—"Is this an action in which a copyright is assumed for a foreign author, or is it one to try the right of an English author?" This would prevent an immense deal of unnecessary trouble to the Court, as well as expense to the litigants. For I believe the case of Chappell and Purday, through the obstinacy of the plaintiff, cost her upwards of £2000! and entailed upon the defendant little less than £500! Then again, the uncertainty of the court gives a favorable turn to the party claiming an assumed right, and causes litigations to remain unsettled, or to stand over for a year or two; meanwhile, the party assumed to have published wrongfully is deterred from reaping the benefit which he might have gained from selling his publication; this answers the purpose of the party suing, as it throws the sale into his hands, and an unjust monopoly is often the consequence, if the party sued should be timid enough to give way. And who has courage enough to brave the "glorious uncertainty of the law;"—for in winning a cause a man is sure to a considerable loser.

COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

LEADER AND ANOTHER *v.* PURDAY.

Nisi Prius, at Guildhall.

THIS was an action for the alleged infringement of the copyright in a piece of music. The defendant pleaded, first, that he was not guilty; secondly, that there was no subsisting copyright, as alleged in the publication in question; and, thirdly, if there were, the plaintiffs were not the proprietors of it. The trial lasted the whole of Monday and to-day.

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd and Mr. Petersdorff were counsel for the plaintiffs, and Mr. Serjeant Byles and Mr. Ogie for the defendant.

The plaintiffs, Messrs. Leader and Cock, are musical publishers, carrying on business at 63, New Bond-street, and the defendant, Mr. Purday, is also in the same line of business, in St. Paul's Churchyard. The action was brought by the plaintiffs for the purpose of vindicating what they conceived to be their exclusive right to publish a song, with an accompaniment, called "Pestal," and of obtaining compensation in damages, from the defendant, for his alleged piracy of the publication in question. The name "Pestal" given to the song was thus explained by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd in his opening:—Colonel Pestal was a personage who figured in Russian history as having been executed at Moscow, in 1826, for being concerned in certain secret societies and conspiracies inimical to the ruling powers in Russia at that time. Prefixed to the melody in question, published by the plaintiffs, was the following anecdote, which is, of course, a fiction:—"The ill-fated individual who bore the above name (Pestal), having rendered himself obnoxious to the Russian Government, was imprisoned and condemned to death; a few hours before his execution, he composed and scratched upon the wall of his dungeon the following exquisite air, the touching melody of which, added to the circumstances under which it was written, have suggested the following words." Then followed the music. In October, 1844, the plaintiffs purchased the melody which was the subject of action from Mr. William Henry Bellamy, a gentleman who for a long time had held a public office on the Oxford circuit, who wrote a set of words to be sung to it. The plaintiffs published the melody

and words in May, 1845, which became extremely popular, as many as 11,000 copies and upwards having been sold; and this success induced them to arrange and publish the melody as a duet, a waltz, and a march. The history of this musical publication, as evolved by the plaintiffs' case, is somewhat curious, and we shall allow the party who claims to be the author of it, in its present shape at least, to tell that history in his own words on the trial.

Mr. William Henry Bellamy, called for the plaintiff.—I was formerly solicitor at Hereford, and have latterly been a good deal connected with the musical world, and am the author of several pieces of poetry to which music has been adapted. Some time prior to October, 1844, my attention was directed to the air in question. I heard it played by Mrs. Bellamy, and its extreme beauty first attracted my attention to it. It was an air so striking in its character that it was constantly played at our house, and universally admired by everybody who heard it, as a pianoforte air. "What a good air for vocal purposes" was the constant subject of remark respecting it. I composed some verses to be sung to it. I wrote the words to the melody simply, and, not being a musician myself, I requested Mr. Charles Horn, a friend of mine and a composer, to compose an accompaniment to them, so as to convert the melody into a song. That was done by Mr. Horn. The selection of the name (Pestal) was certainly not mine. Mrs. Bellamy was my informant. I was struck with the beauty of the air, and naturally asked what it was, and where she got it. She told me it was an air called "Pestal," which had been given to her, or which she had taken rather from the music-book of a friend in manuscript. She observed that she wished I would write some words to it, and I wrote the first verse of the present song which is sung to it. It remained for some time with only that first verse, and several of her friends had copies of it. She said, "Why don't you publish it?" I said it would require a second verse to make it a saleable song, and I subsequently wrote a second verse and then got Mr. Horn to arrange it. When I had so arranged it, I sold it in its present state to the plaintiffs. It was I who gave the title to it, and suggested the mode in which it should be published. There are two circumstances in this song peculiar to itself: the first is the mode in which the song itself is published, namely, the air, as a pianoforte air, perfect and entire in itself, followed by the same air, arranged as a song; and the other is the title which I suggested for it, by the single word "Pestal," with the border. There is an anecdote preceding the air, which I wrote in its present shape. It was written before I sold the music to the plaintiffs, in October, 1844. I received three guineas from the plaintiffs for the copyright at that time, with an understanding that they should pay me two guineas more as soon as they should sell 1,000 copies of the melody. I have since received two guineas. Some two or three months back my attention was directed to the publication of the defendant, entitled "Pestal," which I have compared with the plaintiffs' publication of the same name. With respect to the title-page, the resemblance between the two is very strong. With respect to the musical arrangement, there is a strong resemblance. The arrangement is not exactly the same; the arrangement of the air differs in some respects, but I am not musician enough to be able to explain it. The song appears something like a resemblance, but it is not a copy of mine. The idea is the same. The anecdote is much shorter in the defendant's copy than in mine, but it is to the same effect.

Cross examined by Mr. Serjeant Byles.—The manuscript of the music was given to Mrs. Bellamy by a young lady. I don't know that the same air has been played by the Artillery band at Woolwich for some ten years. (Handed a manuscript music-book, belonging to the Artillery band, open.) I have no doubt this is the same air—another arrangement of it. I don't know the piece of music called "The Prisoner's Dream;" I have heard of it since this action was brought. (Handed in the music of "The Prisoner's Dream.") That contains something like my melody; it does not contain the whole, nor do I conceive it to be the same melody. The first line of my song is—

"Yes! it comes at last, and from troubled dreams awaking."

The first line of the defendant's song runs thus—

"Now, farewell to life! Hope's waves no more are round me beating."

Mr. W. R. Rice, clerk to the plaintiffs' attorney, proved purchasing a copy of the song called "Pestal," at the defendant's shop, on the 11th of May, 1846.

Mr. G. E. Maidley, a lithographic printer, called:—Was sometimes employed by the defendant. This song (looking at the copy of the defendant's "Pestal") was printed by him (witness), from descriptions given him by the defendant, in March ast. He printed 100, and delivered 50 of them, retaining the other 50 in his possession. Cross-examined.—He did not print the music, only the cover.

Mr. W. H. Calcott.—I am a professor of music and the author of several musical publications. My attention has been directed to the song called "Pestal," and I have compared the plaintiffs' and defendant's

publications. My opinion is that the defendant must have had a copy of the plaintiffs' song to have published his work from. It is certainly a colourable copy. One of the most striking instances is that in the plaintiffs' copy there are three musical errors. Those errors are repeated in the defendant's copy in the very same place. The melody is precisely the same; and it would be likely to mislead any young lady. They are both in the same key and the same time. The directions for playing and singing the melody are the same, but expressed in different words. There are some omissions in the arrangement of the defendant's music.

By the JUDGE.—As a musical man, I should say the music is not the same, but with the public it would be substantially the same. Examination continued.—On the whole, the arrangement is so much the same that with an ordinary person it would pass as the same. Cross-examined by Mr. Serjeant Byles.—In the plaintiffs' copy the accompaniment of the melody begins at page 2. That accompaniment is not exactly the same as the defendant's. The melody always naturally suggests the harmony of an accompaniment. If I had seen the melody only, and had written an accompaniment, my accompaniment would have been much such a kind of an accompaniment as the defendant's. I have certainly seen the symphony before the melody, as in the plaintiffs' work, but not a symphony embodying the whole of the melody, as it does. I consider the defendant's copy an infringement of the plaintiffs'. I don't know "The Prisoner's Dream." That melody is the same as the plaintiffs' melody (looking at a piece of music in manuscript, played by the Artillery band at Woolwich). I think it is note for note the same as the plaintiffs'. Re-examined.—I believe the defendant's music most decidedly to have been copied from that of the plaintiffs'.

Mr. W. J. C. Masters called.—I am a professor of music and a composer. I have carefully compared the defendant's and plaintiffs' pieces of music in question. The melody is precisely the same in both. The vocal arrangement is also decidedly the same. I think the defendant's music is copied from the plaintiffs', with this difference, that the defendant's is more adapted to the capacity of young musical performers, by rendering a less extension of the hand requisite. In the first eight bars the harmonics are precisely similar. The notes are slightly varied. In the commencement of the symphony the directions to the player are precisely the same in meaning. The one says—"Slowly, with melancholy," and the other, "Slowly and pathetically."

Mr. T. F. Crew, the plaintiffs' attorney, proved that he prepared the deed of sale of copyright between Mr. Bellamy and the plaintiffs. It was executed on the 11th of May in the present year, though it bears date in October, 1844. The deed was executed before the copy of the defendant's song called "Pestal" was bought by witness's directions at the defendant's shop.

This was the plaintiffs' case.

Mr. Serjeant Byles then opened the case for the defendant. He said his client, Mr. Purday, was the successor of the eminent musical publishers, Clementi. The air of "Pestal" itself, the substratum of the music, to which an accompaniment and words had been adapted was admitted not to be the subject of copyright. Indeed, if it were not so admitted, he should lay before the jury, and would still for other purposes lay before them, evidence which would put that matter beyond all dispute; and would show them, that when Mr. Serjeant Talfourd characterized the air in question as "a stray thing, floating about the world of music," and found by Mr. Bellamy, he was perfectly correct; that is was well known, and well known by its present title, and had been arranged in the very key, and with the very notes, as that of the plaintiffs, and played and known as extensively as almost any air in existence. With respect to the air, he would not dwell upon that, because there was the admission of the plaintiffs' witnesses that they (the plaintiffs) had no more right to the air than had any one of the jury. He could prove to them that years before the plaintiffs' publication of this air—as early as 1836 or 1837—this very air, with this very title, and stated as in the plaintiffs' "anecdote" to be written by Pestal, was performed publicly by the Royal Artillery band on the esplanade at Woolwich. He held before him the music-book from which the band played, open at the air called "Pestal," and which had been acknowledged by the witnesses Bellamy and Calcott to be the same as Bellamy's air. He would also prove that in 1842 or 1843, long before the plaintiffs claimed any copyright in it, the very same air was given in manuscript by a person named Glover to a Mr. Jeffries, who, like Mr. Bellamy, was a poet and wrote verses, in order that he might write words to it. The truth was, there was reason to believe that the air was a Russian polonaise which had been in existence for upwards of twenty years. He said, therefore, that it was monstrous—he was going to say impudent—for the plaintiffs to claim any copyright in it. With respect to the song, not only was there no general identity between that of the defendant and that of the plaintiffs, but no

single line was the same. He would read the first stanza in each. In the plaintiffs' song it was thus—

"Yes! it comes at last,
"And, from troubled dreams awaking,
"Death will soon be past..
"And brighter worlds around me breaking."

The first stanza in the defendant's song ran—

"Now, farewell to life;
"Hope's waves no more are round me beating;
"All this world of strife
"Will soon, with griefs long borne, be fleeting."

(Laughter.) Did the jury see any similarity? He confessed he did not.—The learned serjeant went on at great length to comment on the accompaniment and anecdote given respectively in the plaintiffs' and defendant's editions, with a view to show their dissimilarity, and then called the following witnesses:—

Mr. W. Collins.—I am the master of the Royal Artillery band at Woolwich. (Produces the band-book, open at an air entitled "Pestal.") I know that air, "Pestal," well; I never knew it by any other name. We were in the habit of playing it frequently from 7 to 10 years ago. We played an accompaniment with it. I have it here. We call an accompaniment a subordinate and assisting part to the melody. I have also compared our accompaniment with the plaintiffs', and I consider theirs to be almost every note the same as ours. I have compared the plaintiffs' and the defendant's accompaniment. They are very different. I should say they had not been copied the one from the other. I should say there was no peculiar merit in the plaintiffs' accompaniment. It is not difficult to write an accompaniment to a melody of this kind to any man who has been instructed in the art of musical composition. We have also an old Russian melody, which we have played for upwards of 20 years. It bears a striking resemblance to some portions of "Pestal." Cross-examined by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd.—The band-book is not published. It is only used by the band. I was applied to the day before yesterday by the defendant on this matter. The band-book has not been kept by myself personally. I never saw "Pestal" adapted for the voice until the summer of 1846. I think there is not a striking resemblance between the plaintiffs' and the defendant's accompaniments. In the first five bars in the defendant's accompaniment the letters are not the same as in the plaintiffs'. They are not all "f's," "c's," and "a's." They are different. There is a striking difference in sound. I persist in that answer. In bars 9, 10, and 12 of the accompaniment there are not several chords. There is a difference all the way down.

Re-examined.—"Pestal" was not composed by me or any of the band.

By a jurymen.—My impression always was that the air was brought from the continent of Europe by some of the officers of the Artillery.

Continued.—We are sometimes in the habit of giving out copies from our band-book to third parties, but I do not remember giving out a copy of the air in question.

Mr. Thomas Gilbertson.—I am one of the band of the Royal Artillery. I copied "Pestal" into the band-book from a "score" belonging to Mr. M'Kenzie, the former master of the band, about eight or nine years since. The plaintiffs, and the defendant's accompaniments are not the same.

Mr. James Coombs.—I am also one of the Royal Artillery band. I wrote the title of "Pestal" and the anecdote, in the band book, about eight years since. I copied the anecdote from a "score" provided by Mr. M'Kenzie.

Mr. William Glover.—I am a composer of music. I wrote this (handed the air of "Pestal" in manuscript) in 1843, which is the same air as the plaintiffs'. It was given to me by a young lady with the anecdote and name attached to it. I gave it to Mr. Jeffries to attach words to it in August, 1843, and some time afterwards he wrote words to it.

Mr. Charles Jeffries.—I myself published a "Pestal" in January 1846. (Laughter.) The plaintiffs were aware of that, for I sent them the first copy of it. My accompaniment is like neither the plaintiffs' nor the defendant's. There is a general resemblance, necessarily so, between the plaintiffs' and defendant's accompaniments, but they are not the same. You could not put the same accompaniment to a jig as you could to a simple song. (Laughter.)

Mr. Charles Purday.—I am a brother of the defendant, and a musical composer. I have compared the defendant's and plaintiffs' accompaniments. The bass and the harmony are principally the same. The similarity is not occasioned from copying one from the other, but from the nature of the melody. There is no temptation to pirate an accompaniment; for the accompaniment, in either of the cases in question, might have been composed by the greatest tyro in music. It was different where the melody to which an accompaniment was to be composed was of an elaborate character. There is not much merit in

either the plaintiffs' or the defendant's accompaniment. Cross-examined.—I have not examined the plaintiffs' accompaniment sufficiently to say whether there are any musical errors in it.

Mr. William Grantham, professor of music.—Was employed by defendant to write his accompaniment. When he wrote it he had never either seen or heard the plaintiffs' accompaniment.

Mr. Joseph Gill, engraver.—Wrote the set of words to the defendant's air; when he did so he had never seen the plaintiffs' words, but has heard of them.

Mr. Henry West, professor of music.—Accompaniments of the kind embodied in either the plaintiffs' or defendant's melody belong to nobody; they are common property.

Mr. Henry Oakley, professor of music.—14 out of the 40 different bars of which the whole piece is composed are wholly unlike in the plaintiffs' and defendant's publications; and in the remaining 26 the resemblance is not at all strong.

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd replied.—That the music in question was a stray air, floating about in the world of music, which had been seized upon and adapted to the voice by Mr. Bellamy, and assigned by him to the plaintiffs, there could be no doubt at all. There was no doubt, whencesoever it came, whether from Russia or the continent, that that extremely beautiful air had been played for some years by the band at Woolwich. That air, however, had never been published as a song, had never been adapted for the voice, and had never become popular in a vocal sense until Mr. Bellamy found it by accident, and being struck with its beauty, gave to it by his negotiation with the plaintiffs, "a local habitation and a name." He contended that, in substance, the defendant had taken what was the plaintiffs'; and, though he had written some subordinate parts to the air, differing from those of the plaintiffs, yet they had taken the thing itself, they had taken "Pestal" and the interest in it, so as to deprive them of the fair benefit of their scheme or idea; and he submitted that the defendant's publication, in its form and result, was a piracy on his part. Regard was to be had to the state of this air before it became the subject of publication. Mr. Bellamy found it in that state, and, with the assistance of Mr. Horn, rendered it vocal; and then there was this remarkable peculiarity in the plaintiffs' publication,—that the entire melody was first designed to be played over as a symphony, so that the sentiment of the song should be received by the hearer before the voice came to the aid of the sentiment. Two years after the plaintiffs' publication, appeared the defendant's work issued from the press, in form and substance precisely similar. He (the learned serjeant) submitted that there was a copyright in the plaintiffs' work, notwithstanding that the air was known before his publication. In proof of this he would instance *Moore's Melodies*. The airs of which these were composed were long before found floating about the cabins and recesses of Ireland; but, now that they had been "married to immortal verse," they had become the subject of property. He had never yet understood that, in the accompaniments and the mode of publication of works of that kind, there was not a copyright. Among the productions of the most eminent musical composers they found parts of the most striking resemblance,—even between Handel and Purcell,—and therefore it would be extremely difficult to make copyright in any musical publication if they made resemblance their guide. Suppose he wrote a criticism on Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and imported into his work passages from that immortal poem, in his criticism, in the setting, so to speak, of which those were the jewels—he would have a copyright; but in Milton's work itself there was now no copyright, for it had become common property to the whole human race. The rule was this: if they used their own industry to obtain some end, they might do it; but if they "ploughed with another man's heifer," as the old books had it, then they were answerable to him for a breach of their duty to their neighbour, by giving copyright the attributes and the solidity of property.

Mr. Justice Cresswell told the jury that the substantial question for them to consider and decide was, whether or not they thought that the defendant had imitated that which was done by the plaintiffs, or whether he had been guilty or not of pirating that which the plaintiffs claimed as their own. Now, as far as the question of subsisting copyright went, he (the learned judge) was of opinion that the plaintiffs' work was the subject-matter of copyright. It had been said that the air was old, and known by the name of "Pestal," and that the anecdote connected with it was known also; but then that air was used with Mr. Bellamy's song, and the accompaniment composed for that song; and he (the learned judge) thought that that would be the subject-matter of copyright. The great question, therefore, was whether there was that similarity between the plaintiffs' copy and the defendant's which constituted, in the judgment of the jury, an infringement—that was a colourable variation, for the purpose of obtaining the benefit of the sale of the plaintiffs' work. It was not the question whether the defendant dressed his work up in that form for the purpose of passing it off as the

plaintiffs', if the contents were not the same. That would not do for the present action. That would be a very shabby transaction, but still it would not be the foundation of an action for the infringement of copyright. [The learned judge then recapitulated the evidence, commenting on it as he proceeded.] He then went on to refer to the circumstances of there being several musical errors in the plaintiffs' accompaniment to the air, and which errors were also found in that of the defendant precisely in the same character and in precisely the same places. It had been said by the witnesses that a certain melody would naturally suggest a similarity of accompaniment to the minds of two or more persons skilled in musical science, and that by the laws of musical harmony. Now it was not likely that the air would have suggested a similarity of error to the defendant when writing his accompaniment, except upon the assumption of his having copied the plaintiffs' accompaniment. The directions to the player, too, were precisely the same in meaning, though not in terms, in both the plaintiffs' and the defendant's production. That was not a little remarkable, bearing in mind the defendant's denial of having copied the plaintiffs' accompaniment, and seeing that it was common for the most eminent musicians to differ in their opinion as to the effect and character to be given to certain passages in a piece of music. With respect to the defendant's witness Grantham stating that when he wrote the accompaniment for the defendant's work he had not seen that of the plaintiffs' that might be true; and though the composer who wrote the defendant's accompaniment had not at the time he so wrote it seen the accompaniment of the plaintiffs', yet still there might be an infringement of the copyright, by reason of the great similarity between them. It resembled the case of a patent. If a certain idea or discovery suggested itself to the mind of a man so as greatly to resemble something that was already the subject of a patent, and if he sought to give public effect to his invention, that would be an infringement of the patent, even though he had never before seen the operation which had been patented. In his (the learned judge's) judgment, as a matter of law, the plaintiffs' publication might be the subject-matter of copyright: but then he would leave to the jury the question whether they thought the similarity between the plaintiffs' and defendant's works was merely accidental—laying aside the getting-up of the thing—or whether it was designed, or whether the one was the imitation of, or a colourable departure from, the other. If it was such an imitation or colourable departure, they would find for the plaintiffs; if it were not so, they would find for the defendant. The jury gave the verdict for the plaintiffs, intimating that they found the similarity was not accidental.—Damages 40s., with leave to the defendant to move to enter a verdict upon a point of law raised and reserved in course of the trial.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.—NOVEMBER 16.

Mr. Serjeant Byles now moved to enter the verdict for the defendant, or for a new trial, or for a nonsuit, on the grounds of leave reserved, that evidence had been improperly excluded, and that the verdict was against evidence.

The action was brought for the infringement by the defendant of a certain subsisting copyright in a musical composition, called "Pestal," of which the plaintiffs were the proprietors. It appeared, however, that the only thing in which any copyright was in question was in the "accompaniment," the melody of the air and the words having been proved the one to have been before published, and the latter to be different from the words of the plaintiffs' "song." The defendant had, however, published the title-page of his song exactly like that of the plaintiffs, which the jury might have thought a trick, and it might have influenced their minds in finding the verdict, though no copyright was alleged in the title-page. It appeared also that the accompaniment had been assigned by a Mr. Horn, the composer to a Mr. Bellamy, formerly a solicitor, but who now wrote poetry, and who had written the words of the plaintiffs' song, and that Mr. Bellamy had assigned it to Mr. Leader, one of the present plaintiffs. It was now urged as a ground of nonsuit that the title to the copyright, if any, was in the plaintiff Leader, but that there was none shown in Mr. Cox, the other of the plaintiffs to the suit. There was, therefore, a misjoinder of plaintiffs. It was complained also as a ground for the rule that evidence of a third version of the words of the song described, by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd as "married to immortal verse," by another party, was rejected by the learned Judge.

Mr. Justice Maule.—If polygamy were allowed, you could not give that in evidence.

Mr. Serjeant Byles would not then press the objection.

Rule nisi granted.—*Times*.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—On Monday evening a new two-act drama,

entitled *The Roused Lion*, adapted from *Le Reveil du Lion*, (now being played in Paris to delighted audiences), by Mr. Benjamin Webster, was produced here with the greatest success. The plot may be unravelled in a few words. Ernest de Fonblanche (Mr. Howe), a young gentleman residing in Paris, has fallen in love with a young girl whom he has daily seen from his window at a house opposite, but has established no mode of communication with her. While he is debating with himself how he may obtain access to her, two of his friends arrive, Hector Mouleon (Mr. A. Wigan), and Gustave d'Herbelin (Mr. H. Vandenhoff), and entreat his permission to hold a *fête* in his room, as his apartments are on a larger scale than theirs. Ernest agrees, and they depart to send in wine, fruits, &c. At this moment Ernest's uncle and godfather, Stanilas de Fonblanche (Mr. Webster), an old wealthy bachelor, arrives suddenly from the country. Ernest is *au desespoir* at the interruption to the feast, and is compelled to write a letter to Hector Mouleon to postpone their festivities. At the same time, Stanilas writes to his notary, and Ernest's servant takes the letters. The old bachelor is left alone, and now occurs the best scene in the drama. A servant announces Mademoiselle Suzanne Grasset de Villedieu (Mrs. Keeley); the lady enters. This fair one has been a *danseuse* at the Opera, but as she says herself, "her legs have been pensioned off." Mademoiselle Grasset resides in the same house with Mademoiselle Leonie, the young girl with whom Ernest is stricken, and being her friend and confidant on all occasions, Leonie has shown her a letter of invitation she has just received from a gentleman living opposite, and requests her to go to Mons. Fonblanche's and say she would come; having her own good motives to accept the invitation. This letter, by the way, has been written by Gustave, who is also desperately in love with Leonie, and whose principal motive for holding the party in Ernest's house, was that he might invite her thither, and have an opportunity of conversing with her. Madlle. Suzanne comes in person to the house of Mons. Fonblanche, and is introduced to the godfather. Old Fonblanche discovers from this interview that his nephew is not altogether the steady young fellow he considered him, and learns of the doings that are going forward. The *danseuse* fancies she is conversing with the real owner of the house, and the old bachelor cannot understand what tie exists between his nephew and Leonie, of whom Suzanne speaks in such high terms of praise. The *danseuse* departs most favorably impressed with the old gentleman's gallantry. This scene was capitally played by Webster and Mrs. Keeley. An answer from Hector to Ernest's letter arrives. Being addressed to "Mons. Fonblanche," the old bachelor opens it and reads it. He is somewhat surprised at hearing himself called "an old mummy," and his indignation is increased when he reads how "the old fellow must be put to bed, and bled freely of his cash, as at present it was confoundedly needed." This rouses the spirit of the old bachelor, and he determines that the feast shall go on and he himself be present. He tells his nephew so, and leaves him astonished. The guests arrive, and last of all the servant announces Mons. Stanilas de Fonblanche, who enters dressed in the height of fashion appertaining to the old school of peruke, powder, and pantaloons. Madlle. Suzanne enters with Leonie, and the first act concludes with the company going to the dining-room. The plot hangs fire in the second act, the dialogue from want of wit and point in the original, or from want of sufficient tact in the translation, being for the most part spiritless and level. The main incident of the drama, which is its

greatest fault, is serious. Stanilas, in his youthful days, had killed a man in a duel, and as some atonement, writes to the wife, and vows to protect her through life. The mother, dying, has told the daughter all, and the daughter, who, of course, is Leonie, accepts the invitation sent to her, thinking she would find the man who vowed to protect her. This is not happily managed: nor, indeed, do we see how it could be well managed, the incident being totally opposed to the spirit of the drama. Mr. Webster was admirable as the old bachelor. We have rarely seen him play better. His scene, when he reads Hector Mouleon's letter, and practises the step of the *Garotte*, was equal to the best acting of this kind. Mrs. Keeley was rarely delicious as the *premiere danseuse*, and kept the house in roars of laughter. The second act should be cut. Several scenes may be advantageously omitted. The piece was received at the fall of the curtain with the greatest applause from all parts of the house, and was announced for repetition every night till further notice.

The new comedy *Family Pride*, produced here on Thursday, is from the pen of Mr. Sullivan, the author of *A Beggar on Horseback*. Success is not always indicative of the merits of a play, but in this instance, notwithstanding its faults, we pronounce the merits of *Family Pride* tantamount to the success it achieved. It is a great pity the generality of critics are themselves writers for the stage: were it not so, we should assuredly have had more liberal notices of Mr. Sullivan's comedy in the daily papers. With scarcely a single exception, the faults of *Family Pride* were monstrously exaggerated, and the beauties, manifest and startling as they are, slurred over, or concealed altogether. Now, we do not mean to accuse these gentlemen, all honourable men, of wilfully withholding their praises, or malignly pointing out the errors; but, as Leather Stocking says, "Natur is natur," and we cannot help feeling that there was some latent envy at the root of their articles, which empoisoned the branches and made the tree bear bitter fruit. We do not say that Mr. Sullivan's comedy is complete, or even that it fulfils most of the requisites demanded in a production of that class: but we do aver, that its beauties are many and striking, and preponderate against the faults. True, the play is feeble in construction, or rather management of material; deficient in incident, occasionally trite and vulgar, and tedious too often from want of circumstance; but, on the other hand, the characters are vigorously drawn and nicely discriminated—a rare beauty in comedy, and invariably overlooked by modern writers,—the plot lucidly conveyed, and, above all, the dialogue replete with the imaginings of a poet and a wit,—of one who had viewed mankind with a keen appetite to take note of his follies and his whims,—judging them wisely, but not too severely. The two first acts of *Family Pride* are the best two first acts of almost any comedy we know. The second act is quite a gem of the very best kind of writing, and it would not be easy to find in modern comedy two scenes to compare with the scene between Mrs. Courtney and Sophie Chapman, and that wherein Arthur Courtney bids defiance to the whole bevy of his ancestors. The first of these scenes is written not merely with truthfulness and beauty, but with great power. It was unmistakably the very essence of pure comic writing,—elegant and sparkling, with an infusion of the poetic feeling, which is all-essential to comedy. The plot is simple, and is certainly not large enough for a five act comedy. Mrs. Willoughby Courtney, an elderly lady, devoured with family pride, living in a baronial mansion, separates herself in her fancied importance from all the neighbouring bores. This lady has an only son who inherits the mother's pride and runs loose about

the house like an unpruned vine. This young sample of aristocracy, from his infancy has had no notion of submitting to the trammels of education. A certain Doctor Dodge has had the care of his tuition from early youth, but the Doctor, who turns out in the end to be only a horse-doctor, or a done-up gentleman who fell into that line from reduced circumstances, teaches his pupil no other lessons than riding, shooting, setting traps for weazels, and laying snares for mid-night poachers. Arthur falls in love with Sophie Chapman, the daughter of a retired wool-stapler, unknown to his lofty mamma. The mother wishes the son to get into Parliament, and for that purpose condescends to conciliate her rustic neighbours. Among others she invites the Chapmans to her house. Arthur finding Sophie in the same house with him, is urged to declare his passion. Sophie refuses him on principle. Arthur is infuriated at the bare idea of a Courtney being refused by a Chapman, and from sheer vexation proposes for Sophie's cousin to old Chapman. Old Chapman informs the mamma, which, of course, leads to a blow-up between all parties. Doctor Dodge is dismissed by Mrs. Courtney, and Arthur determines to accompany him to Lake Kangaroo on the Swan River, where a settlement is being formed. The expected *dénouement* is brought about in the clumsiest manner possible; and had it not been for an admirably written scene, inimitably played by old Farren, we have our doubts as to the success of the comedy. Nothing could be more lame, and impotent, than the conclusion, and we trust for the sake of the many excellencies with which the comedy abounds, that Mr. Sullivan will re-write this portion entirely.

The comedy was capitally played. Mrs. Nisbett was perfectly delicious in her part, and looked more lovely than ever. Young Farren pleased us very much. The roughness of the part fitted him like an inside waistcoat. It was not a bad notion of the author, to make this scion of aristocracy the only unpolished personage of the drama—excepting the servants. By the way, the part of Mr. Brindal, no fault of the actor certainly, was perfectly offensive. We would forthwith advise the withdrawal of this character from the play. Old Farren had a right good part in Doct or Dodge, and played it as finely as ever we saw him play before. At the fall of the curtain there were a few dissentient voices, but the ayes carried all before them, and the performers were called for. Mr. Farren announced the comedy for repetition every evening, and subsequently the author had to make his bow from a private box.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of *The Musical World*.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me the medium of your columns for the purpose of throwing out a few suggestions to Mons. Jullien, whose cause you have hitherto strenuously advocated, although perhaps you could not have done otherwise, as one and all of us, I am sure, are willing to accord patronage whenever it is required of us towards legitimate amusement, if such amusement be conducted liberally and with an idea to please the prevailing taste, and for which the "Monsieur" is considered to be the very acmé of perfection, and which character I fully hope he will sustain throughout the forthcoming Opera Season, as we have long wanted a STEADY GOING opera house where the middle classes can "feast the soul" at comestable prices, and now which, with Monsieur as caterer, I hope to see ably carried out.—The suggestion I was going to make was, that the decorations, illuminations, and emblems which are always displayed at his Annual Bal Masqué, being of a very gorgeous character, he should turn 'he same to greater account by keeping up his concerts for one week more, and thus give his concert-goers a sight of his magnificent ball room, which is really most effective, with the orchestra placed at the back of the stage, and thus

forming an immense area, which in this instance would make a vast promenade. And to render the attraction greater, I would suggest that the whole of his quadrilles, viz., English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and Swiss, be played on each and every evening; or perhaps, Sir, he might devote one evening to the "*Immortel Mendelssohn*" of sacred memory. Thinking this may have some claim on his attention,

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

GEORGE W. FLINT.

Nov. 17.

To the Editor of *The Musical World*.

HORN, AND HIS ORATORIO.

MR. EDITOR.—As some reports have gone abroad respecting the loss of the vessel in which Mr. C. E. Horn embarked for America, it may ease the minds of those concerned, to be informed that letters have been received which state his safe arrival in America, where he was immediately invested with the directorship of the Choral Society in Boston, and presented with an organist's situation, which, with the directorship, he says are worth 900 dollars annually. He was received with enthusiasm, and intends to bring out his new Oratorio, "Daniel's Prediction," which was so disgracefully marred here, by the wind instrument performers not choosing to come to rehearsal. Let us hope it will meet a better fate in Boston; not only as it regards performance, but that a better feeling for art may be manifested there than has hitherto been awarded him in his own country. Suppose the Queen or Prince Albert were solicited to attend a performance at this oratorio, as they did in the case of Elijah, would not that circumstance alone bring a full room. And I believe if Her Majesty were solicited to do so, knowing as I do, that her Majesty's august uncles and aunts were the pupils of Mr. Horn's father, who was many years their instructor without fee or reward, Her Majesty would consent most readily. It is not that Mr. Horn's oratorio is entirely a new affair, and has never had a trial. It has been performed, and although imperfectly, it was acknowledged on all hands to have been an exceedingly interesting work; one paper remarking, "Would it not reflect credit on the Sacred Harmonic Society, were they to perform this production of a native composer at Exeter Hall, where more justice might be done to it." "We throw out this hint," says the same paper "to the committee of that praiseworthy Society, in hopes that they will attend to it." Whether the committee have ever seen this hint, or whether they have not, I am not aware.

We go on from period to period to declare to the world that we have no musical genius or talent; why, because no opportunity is held out for the production of it, but on the contrary, every obstacle is thrown in its way. Who knows, even supposing that Mr. Horn's work was not comparable to any modern writer of Oratorios, but that the holding out the inducement to performance might not be the means of some, at present, unknown genius producing better a work; for who would be at the pains and labour of writing a work which he knew there would not be the slightest chance of getting even a hearing of. May these remarks be the means of holding out a more liberal-minded feeling towards British artists, and then the writer will consider his labor not to be in vain.—I am, Sir,

ONE OF THE CRAFT.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC

Quadrille, "*Le Gladiateur*;"—Quadrille, "*Le Pastoral*;" composed and arranged for the pianoforte, with accompaniment for flute, violin, or cornet-a-piston, by BOSISIO.—WESSEL & Co.

The author of the above quadrilles, Bosisio (we suppose we must not derogate from the simple grandeur of the name, by prefixing the Mons.), is one of the most voluminous writers of dances in modern times. The Parisian music shelves are absolutely overlaid with his polkas, waltzes, and quadrilles. The quadrilles before us form Nos. 143 and 144 of his publications of the *genre*. Bosisio is in great favor with the Parisian ladies, and justly we must say; since, though his music is of the lightest texture possible, it is elegant and striking, and is, mayhap, the more recommendable for its lightness. In addition, there is a certain air of originality about this gentleman's compositions—if that Bosisio be a gentleman—which will still further recommend them to the quadrilles-fancier. Of the twain set, we cannot decide which is best.

"*Te Deum et Jubilate*," for the Morning Service, for solo and chorus, with organ accompaniment by F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.—EWER & Co.

Written for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass; and with the exception of the bass, the voice parts are given with treble cleff. This certainly makes it easier for the English vocalist, who is, for the most part confined to two cleffs, and indeed two is as many as is required for all practical purposes. The composition is masterly

and grand, and possesses that true religious suavity, which is so characteristic of the great composer. Both the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* may be had with separate voice parts.

"O'er the garden birds are flying," No. 94., of WESSEL & Co's. Series of German songs for voice and piano: the English version of the words by LEOPOLD WRAYS, Esq. Music composed by L. F. CZAPEK. WESSEL & Co.

Tuneable and flowing, and withal free from the slightest tinge of the common-place. It is set in the voluptuous key of A flat, is in *allegretto tempo*, and 6-8 measure. The words are appropriately translated.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. JONES WHITWORTH, Jullien's new barytone, who met with great success in Venice, has been highly extolled by the *Fama*, for his personation of Pagano, in the *Lombardi*, and Ashton in the *Lucia*; in the latter part, M. Jullien will give the English public an opportunity of judging for itself, as the *Lucia* is to be the first opera produced at Drury Lane.

MR. WILSON gave two of his ever-attractive entertainments in the Newburgh Rooms, Brighton, last week, and on both occasions the rooms were crowded by a great portion of the nobility and fashionables who are at present at Brighton. Mr. Wilson was in splendid voice, and afforded much gratification to his audiences by the admirable manner in which he gave his songs; and the announcement that he should give two more entertainments in three weeks was received with much approbation. In the evening his Jacobite songs were very effective; and in the morning "Lord Ullin's Daughter," and "Tell me how to woo thee," produced very hearty applause.

MR. PRATTON, the contra-basso, is engaged by M. Jullien, at Drury Lane.

MR. TEMPLETON'S SECOND VOCAL ENTERTAINMENT.—On Saturday this gentleman appeared again in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, before a highly respectable audience, about equal in numbers to the previous attendance. The first three pieces introduced, were as before, English, Scotch, and Irish respectively. He first sang, "farewell thou fair day," recommended by some touching reminiscences of its author, Thomas Campbell, the bard of "Hope." "The Lea Rig" followed, from Burns: and then Moore's "Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour." The English adaptation of "Vivi Tu," a scena from *Anna Bolena* was less appreciated by the audience, who, however, greatly admired the song and story of "Sally St. Clair," the dark-eyed Creole girl, who died to save her lover on the battle-field. This piece, sung to a Yankee air, was somewhat of a novelty. "Then, farewell my trim built wherry," was capitally sung. Templeton retired amidst much applause, announcing another concert for Saturday, and leaving old Blewitt to convulse the audience with his "Oh, dear, nobody pops the question!"

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.—The concert given by this institution, on Thursday evening, merits the approbation of the subscribers, were it only for the engagement of the fascinating Anna Thillon, who made her first appearance in London this season on the occasion. Madame Thillon looks as fascinating and sings as charmingly as ever; in the song, "Le ciel me l'ordonne," by Puget, she was excellent; and in "Le Bouquetière," her piquant style and rapid execution brought down vehement applause, and obtained a loud and unanimous encore. The ballad by Val. Morris, "The Lily lies drooping," seemed, however, to be more to the taste of the audience than either of the two former songs, for whether out of patriotic zeal for the composer, or whatever other cause may have influenced the subscribers, certain it is that "The Lily lies drooping," was

redemanded as it were with one voice: and a very pretty ballad it is, and charmingly was it rendered by Madame Thillon. Miss Ransford, who is rapidly gaining ground as a vocalist, executed several songs in a charming style, and in the duet, "In the merry moonlight," she obtained, in conjunction with Mr. Ransford, a well-deserved encore. Mr. Case performed a solo on the violin, on airs from *Fra Diavolo*, and on the concertina, displayed his rapid execution in a fantasia on American airs, which obtained a merited encore. Mr. Roe, Miss Holroyd, and Miss Ellen Holroyd, were down in the programme to assist. Mr. Maurice Davis deserves considerable praise as a conductor: he is a good pianist, possesses a rapid finger, and has great command over the instrument.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The annual examination of candidates for the two King's Scholarships, will take place at the Royal Academy, on Friday, the 17th December next.

THE EXETER HALL CONCERTS.—Mr. Hullah and his pupils commence their concert season at Exeter Hall, on Monday evening, December 6th, with Mendelssohn's beautiful Psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came," and Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, the solo parts by Miss Stewart, a pupil of the Royal Academy, Mr. Lockey, Mr. G. Clifford, and Mr. Weiss. The band, to consist of upwards of fifty, (among which we recognise a large number of first-rate names) is to be led by Mr. Willy. The chorus, as upon former occasions, will be composed of Mr. Hullah's Upper School pupils, in number, we believe, about five hundred. At any reasonable prices, such a performance would, we should think, command an overflowing audience, but Mr. Hullah seems resolved, this season, to make success beyond a doubt, and he has met the economising spirit of the times by fixing the price of admission at one shilling; this is wisely done, and is truly doing all that man can do to popularize good music. He has our very best wishes.

THE LATE MR. ROOKE.—We have great pleasure in announcing that the concert which is to be given for the benefit of the widow and family of the late Mr. Rooke, is likely to be one of the most attractive which has been given for years. Miss Dolby, Madame F. Lablache, Miss Poole, the Misses Williams, Messrs. Wilson, Allen, Leffler, Machin, and Signor F. Lablache will give their services; the band, which will be full and complete, is to be under the direction of Sir H. R. Bishop and Mr. Balfe. It is gratifying to hear that the subscription fund is filling up well, Her Majesty the Queen having not only given her patronage, but sent a liberal donation to the widow. We have only to draw attention to the advertisement, knowing well that the public are ever ready to show their estimation of real talent, and to aid the needy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. C. is informed that he can receive the numbers of the "Musical World" asked for, by applying at the Office.

E. F. The instrument alluded to in the "Times" is the "Patent Antiphone," now being manufactured by Luff and Son, Great Russell-street.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Her Majesty's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square.

It is respectfully announced, that the FIRST GRAND CONCERT of the Season will take place early in February, on which occasion, the celebrated JUVENILE HARPISTS, Adolphus, Ernest, and Fanny Lockwood, (late pupils of Frederick Chatterton) will perform on THREE HARPS, Grand Brilliant Trios, as composed expressly for, and taught them in his New and Romantic School, by their present instructor, GERHARD TAYLOR, who is acknowledged by all eminent musicians to be the most extraordinary Harpist in Europe! The Lockwood Artists will be assisted by Gerhard Taylor, and other performers of the highest eminence, both vocal and instrumental. All communications must be addressed to their instructor, Gerhard Taylor, No. 1, Melton St., Enston Square. FURTHER PARTICULARS WILL SHORTLY APPEAR.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE QUEEN.

G. PEACHEY,

Manufacturer of Improved

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Mr. W. HUTCHINS CALLCOTT'S Editions of MOZART'S SONGS & DUETS,

TRANSPosed into LOWER and the most useful keys, expressly for Amateurs and Private performance.

IN consequence of the patronage bestowed by the musical public and the profession on Mr. Callcott's transposed edition of HANDEL'S SONGS, the publishers beg to announce a new and similar arrangement of Mozart's SONGS &c. Among those now ready will be found MADLE ALBONI'S SONGS, from "Le Nozze di Figaro." A list is published and will be forwarded on application, by post, free.
LEADER & COCKS, 63, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.

MR. BENEDICT

Has the pleasure to inform his patrons, friends, and pupils, that he has just returned to Town for the Season.

2, MANCHESTER SQUARE.

Weippert's Concert de Camera,

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOMS, MONDAY, November 22nd,

For the purpose of introducing Mr. RICHMOND, the DUAL VOCALIST, who possesses the extraordinary gift of Singing Duets (the Bass and Treble simultaneously), without the aid of any other person or instrument whatever. The Concert will be supported by Miss CUBITT, Miss ELLEN LYON, and Mr. JULIAN KENCLO, assisted by Weippert's Band, conducted by himself. Admission One Shilling, Reserved Seats, Two Shillings. Doors open at Half-past Seven; commence at Eight, and conclude at Eleven.

Tickets & Programmes to be had at Mess. DUFF & HODGSON'S, Music Sellers, 65, Oxford Street.

THE LATE MR. ROOKE.

MR. ROOKE, Composer of the Operas of 'Amilie,' 'Henrique,' 'Cagliostro,' &c., after being more than six months stretched on a bed of sickness, during which he suffered much bodily pain and mental anguish, died on the 14th of October, leaving a widow and seven children totally unprovided for.

A GRAND CONCERT,

For the BENEFIT of the FAMILY.

Under the Special Patronage of HER MAJESTY the QUEEN.

will take place in the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on THURSDAY Evening, the 2nd December, that being the tenth anniversary of the production of Rooke's highly popular opera of 'Amilie.'

Conductors, SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.
(M. W. BALFE, E-q.)

Ticket, 7s.; Reserved Seat, 10s. 6d. Tickets may be had of the Members of Committee, and at all the Music Shops. RESERVED SEAT Tickets to be had at the Music Shops of Messrs. Cramer and Co., and Messrs. Addison and Hodson, Regent-street; Messrs. Duff and Hodgson, 65, Oxford-street; Messrs. Leader and Cocks, 63, New Bond-street; and Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co. Cheapside.

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Fitzgerald (Lord Gerald), "First Notturmo," for Violoncello and Piano (dedicated to the Marchioness of Hastings),	4 0
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"THE increased attention now bestowed upon the violoncello, and the proficiency attained by many of our amateurs on this noble and beautiful instrument, are among the many proofs that the musical art is in a progressive state in this country. Lord Gerald Fitzgerald's Notturmo is a composition which would do no discredit to any professional artist. It consists of a single movement—an *andante*—and is calculated, from its moderate dimensions, as well as the grace and elegance of its style, to add to the pleasure of a social musical evening. It is exceedingly melodious, with much tenderness of expression; and though it does not tax heavily the executive power of the performer, it demands a smooth and vocal tone, refinement, and feeling. Though the violoncello has the principal part, yet the piece is partly concertante; and the piano-forte is rich in harmony and very effective."—MUSICAL WORLD.

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Now singing by Mr. Wright, at the Adelphi Theatre, in the Burletta called "Shakspeare's House to be Sold," with a beautiful Portrait of Mr. WRIGHT, in the character of "Chopkins," price 2s. Also, just published, with a superior lithographic illustration of Shakspeare's House, Stratford, "Flow on Silver Avon;" music composed by Alexander Lee, price 2s.; the celebrated Mary Blane Quadrilles, 1st and 2nd set, 3s.; Mary Blane and Lucy Long Polka, price 2s.

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A much admired Romance, composed by Mlle. MEZZANI, Naples. Price 1s. 6d.
Published by GEO. LAW FORD, Saville Passage, Saville Row.

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Music Room, Exeter Street, Strand, near Exeter Hall, Established for the Improvement of CONGREGATIONAL SINGING. The Members meet on Thursday evenings, from 8 to 10 o'clock, for the practice of Psalmody, Chants, Services, and Anthems. Under the Direction of Mr. SURMAN and Mr. PERRY.

Members' Subscription, £1 1s. per Annum, or 5s. 6d. Quarterly, including Music. Subscribers' names received at No. 9, Exeter Hall.

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EXETER HALL.

MENDELSSOHN'S 114th PSALM,

"WHEN ISRAEL OUT OF EGYPT CAME," and

HANDEL's Serenata, "Acis and Galatea,

Will be performed at Exeter Hall, on Monday Evening, Dec. 6th, at 8 o'clock.

PRINCIPAL VOCAL PERFORMERS:

Miss STEWART,

Mr. LOCKEY, Mr. G. CLIFFORD, and Mr. W. H. WEISS.

The Chorus will consist of the Members of Mr. Hullah's First Upper Singing School - The Orchestra will be complete in every department, and will consist of upwards of Fifty Performers.

Leader, Mr. WILLY.

Conductor, Mr. JOHN HULLAH.

Tickets may be had of Mr. Parker, Publisher, 445, West Strand; of the principal Music Sellers; and at Exeter Hall.

AREA, ONE SHILLING.

Reserved Seats (Western Gallery or Area), Half-a-Crown.

* Central Reserved Seats, Five Shillings.

* These will be situated in the centre of the raised seats, each seat will be numbered and reserved throughout the evening.

Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall

On FRIDAY, December 3rd,

Will be repeated, MENDELSSOHN'S ORATORIO, "ELIJAH."

Subscriptions to the proposed Testimonial to the Memory of Dr. Mendelssohn, will be received by Mr. R. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross - Mr. Cowell, 93, Great Russell Street, Bedford Square; Mr. Surman, 9, Exeter Hall; Mr. J. Taylor, 10, Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, or any other Member of the Committee.

THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Secretary.

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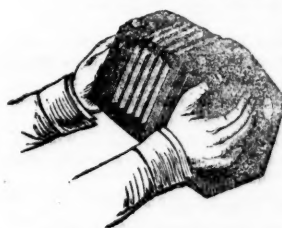
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To be had at all the principal Music-sellers and Stationers; and at the Office 3, Alfred Place, Bedford Square.

Messrs. BENEDICT and LINDSAY SLOPER

beg respectfully to announce that they are now establishing CLASSES FOR LADIES for the study of the PIANO-FORTE in all its stages, including a Course de Perfectionnement for advanced pupils. This Class will offer, amongst other advantages, that of acquiring by practice the difficult art of playing with accompaniments and of accompanying vocal music. There will be a Class exclusively for those entering the musical profession, and a Class for the study of harmony and composition. CLASSES FOR GENTLEMEN, similar to the two latter, are also being established. The Classes will be held in the Beethoven Rooms, 76, Harley Street, Cavendish Square. Prospectuses and particulars of terms may be had of all Music-sellers. All applications on the subject to be made to Mr. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square; or to Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 7, Southwick Place Hyde Park Square.

THE CONCERTINA.



JOSEPH SCATES, Manufacturer of the Concertina, begs to inform the Musical Public that he has REMOVED from Frith Street, to 32, NEW BOND STREET, where he continues to supply this fashionable and charming instrument, the same as patronized by Signor Giulio Regondi for the last two years. Prices, with all the late improvements, from £5 to £15 each.

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M. JULLIEN'S GRAND BAL MASQUE:

ON MONDAY, Nov. 22nd, 1847.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce, that this Grand Entertainment will take place on MONDAY, November 22nd.

ADMISSION TO THE BALL, 10s. 6d.

The AUDIENCE PORTION of the THEATRE will be reserved for the exclusive accommodation of SPECIATORS, who, by application at the Box-Office on Monday, can secure their Boxes or Places, which will be retained for them during the whole evening.

Prices of Admission for Spectators:	
DRESS CIRCLE,	5s.
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PRIVATE BOXES from £3. 3s. and upwards.

Ladies and Gentlemen taking Private Boxes will have the privilege of passing to and from the Salle de Danse without extra charge.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Nine.

Dancing will commence at Ten.

Refreshments will be supplied during the Evening, and consist of Ices, Sherbet, Carrawa Water, Tea, Coffee, &c.

The Supper under the direction of Mr. G. PAYNE, will be served at One o'clock.

Mr. I. NATHAN, 18, Castle-street, Leicester-square, is appointed

Costumier.

No person will be admitted in the Costume of Clown, Harlequin, or Pantaloon.

. The Police regulations will greatly facilitate the arrival and departure of Carriages, and it is hoped that Ladies and Gentlemen will enforce compliance with them on the part of their Coachmen.

The Box Office of the Theatre will remain open until 7 o'clock.

All persons having demands on the Establishment on account of the Concerts or Bal Masque, will please to send in their accounts immediately, in order that they may be examined and discharged.

UNDER THE ESPECIAL PATRONAGE OF

Her Majesty, & His Royal Highness, Prince Albert.

THE Public is respectfully informed that

THE SHAKSPERE NIGHT,

In aid of the Fund for the purchase of Shakspeare's House, is fixed for

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7th, at the

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

When a performance will take place that will embrace the

ENTIRE TALENT OF THE BRITISH STAGE.

By order of the London Committee,

THOMAS AMYOT, Chairman.

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GRIMSTONE'S AROMATIC REGENERATOR, for Improving and Promoting THE GROWTH OF HUMAN HAIR.

To THE LADIES.—A lady had the following letter inserted in the *Times* news paper on August 7, 1846. Reader, remember this letter was put into the paper by the lady herself, as a testimony to the virtues of Grimstone's Aromatic Regenerator: "Mrs. Weekley, of No. 3, Swan-street, Borough, takes this opportunity of publicly thanking Mr. W. Grimstone, of the Herbarry, Highgate, for the efficacy of his Aromatic Regenerator, in having completely restored the hair on her head, after using it about four months, and the whole of her hair is much stronger and more luxuriant than it ever was before the baldness appeared. She will feel a pleasure in answering any lady of respectability to the above facts.—3, Swan-street, Borough."

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CASE OF RING-WORM CURED.

14, Devonshire-sq., Bishops-gate-st., 19th July, 1847.
"Mr. Frederick Bradshaw, having lost some portion of his hair from ring-worm, has had it so perfectly and so wonderfully restored by only a short application of Mr. Grimstone's 'Aromatic Regenerator,' feels thus called upon gratefully and publicly to acknowledge it. Mr. F. Bradshaw has much pleasure in thus bearing testimony to the efficacy of the remedy, and Mr. Grimstone is at perfect liberty to make any use of this communication he pleases."

To Mr. W. Grimstone, Herbarry, Highgate, near London.
Sold by Mrs. J. and E. Atkinson, 24, Old Bond-street; Messrs. Fisher and Toller, Conduit-street; J. Sanger, Chemist, &c., 150, Oxford-street; Messrs. Barclay and Son, Farringdon-street; Mr. Johnston, 68, Cornhill; Thomas Keating, Chemist, St. Paul's Churchyard; Messrs. Hannay and Co., 63, Oxford-street; and by all Chemists, Druggists, and Medicine Vendors. Sold in triangular bottles, at 4s., 7s., and 11s. each; and forwarded by post at 4s. 6d., 7s. 8d., and 12s., case included, for money orders only. Sold only, Wholesale, at the Herbarry, Highgate. The 7s. contains two 4s., the 11s. four times the quantity of the 4s.

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PETER MORRISON, RESIDENT DIRECTOR.

CAUTION.

WHEREAS

It hath been falsely stated that the popular Song,

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